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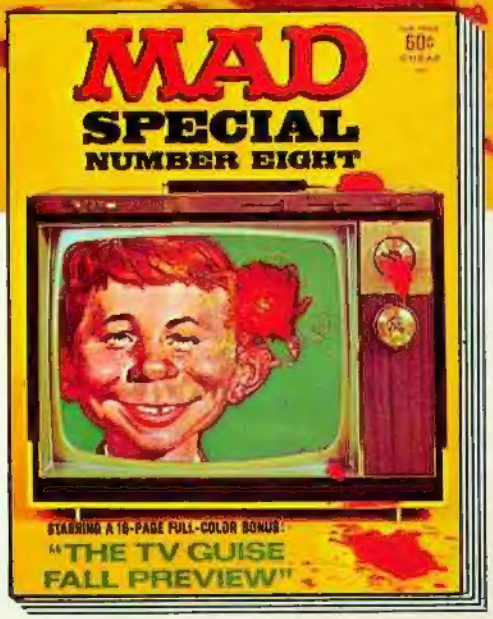

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED GONZALES

NUMBER 154 SEPTEMBER 1972

MAD

"Living on a budget is the same as living beyond your means, except that now you have a record of it!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
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CURTIS ANDERSON, DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at People
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- ☐ DAVE BERG Our Sick World
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LETTERS DEPT.

WHAT'S THE CONNECTION?

I laughed so uncontrollably at "What's The Connection?", I shook all over. Now, YOU try to laugh that hard and pick your feet in Poughkeepsie at the same time!

Candi LaVigne
Boca Raton, Fla.

As far as I'm concerned, Mort Drucker and Dick De Bartolo can go pick their feet in Poughkeepsie and not bother coming back! Fantastic movie, sorry satire!

John Deer
Tampa, Fla.

You have done an excellent satire on "The French Connection", considering the fact you had no material to work with. NOW I understand the movie.

Nancy Paulk
Sedalia, Colo.

MAD LOOK AT BICYCLING

Sergio Aragones's "MAD Look At Bicycling" is packed with brisk and boisterous free-wheeling humor, as in-person as grasping a pair of handlebars and standing on the pedals on the upgrade. Very exhilarating! I'll mind his bike for him, any time!

Judy Hetling
Yonkers, N.Y.

QUALIFIED FOR MADNESS

After reading your magazine for two years, I am now incapable of watching a TV show, reading a book, or seeing a movie without cynically tearing it to shreds. Since this renders me useless for any kind of a normal life, my only alternative is to sign up as a MAD satire writer. Got any openings . . . ?

Mary Kay Hoover
Cleveland, Ohio

MAD PHOTOONS

We at the Gaffrick household loved your "MAD Photoons," masterminded by Max Brandel and Bob Clarke. And speaking about the equally enjoyable "What's The Connection?", after seeing the movie we wondered . . . What IS the connection?

Peter Gaffrick
Decatur, Ill.

Eddie Egan Connects With MAD

I almost split a gut when MAD Associate Editor Nick Meglin brought me the issue featuring the take-off on "The French Connection". Since I'm the former New York detective, the original "Popeye" upon whom the film is based, and inasmuch as I appeared in the picture and provided technical advice, it's all very personal and gratifying. Many thanks to writer Dick De Bartolo, artist Mort Drucker, and to your entire MAD staff for faithfully retaining the basics and adding the "French dressing."

Eddie Egan
New York, N.Y.

DON MARTIN BOOSTER

Don Martin has an original and different sense of humor that a reader can never tire of. His drawings are not ordinary cartoons but are departures from the conventional way of telling a story, in both drawing and writing. And those descriptive words: FWISK, GALOOK, GLURK, etc., they are a laugh riot in themselves. I have often stopped to wonder how an artist can continually and consistently create stories that get better and better as time goes by.

George J. Aljian
Red Bank, N.J.

EDUCATOR OF THE YEAR

As a parent of a former student in one of New York's artsy-craftsy "fun factories," I want to congratulate you on "MAD's Educator Of The Year." The article was very funny but disturbingly true. In my son's fourth grade class, half the children needed tutoring, at the parents' expense, to learn to read. They were all quite advanced at playing with blocks, however, I must admit. The headmaster writes articles and books on the advantages of open schools but sends his own children to a school with a structured program. The open school looks great on paper but, unfortunately, in practice, most kids prefer playing to learning.

Rita Beltzer
Brooklyn, N.Y.

CRIMINAL TYPES DEPT.

Your anti-hunting sentiment has always been rather obvious but in the July 1972 issue, "Criminal Types Dept.", it is also erroneous. Extinction of wildlife is not due to hunting but to habitat reduction, pesticides, pollution, etc. On the contrary, hunting groups such as "Ducks Unlimited" work hard to preserve habitat for game species.

E. L. Bintz
Eastern Montana College
Billings, Mont.

ART OF WRITING HOME FOR MONEY

Your article "The Art Of Writing Home For Money" was mighty good. I might even use one of those seemingly foolproof letters on my parents.

Richard $. Feldman
Los Angeles, Calif.

MAD RAINBOW COVER

My whole family went to a lovely picnic area recently. We just happened to take along the current issue of MAD, the cover of which depicted Alfie encountering garbage at the end of the rainbow. Of course, we all picked up our soda cans and sandwich wrappings and containers before we left, but one area was terribly littered by inconsiderate picnickers. And suddenly, we noticed a *big black cloud* in the sky, right over that desecrated area. Wow, MAD certainly has some mighty powerful connections!!!

James Randleman
Fair Oaks, Calif.

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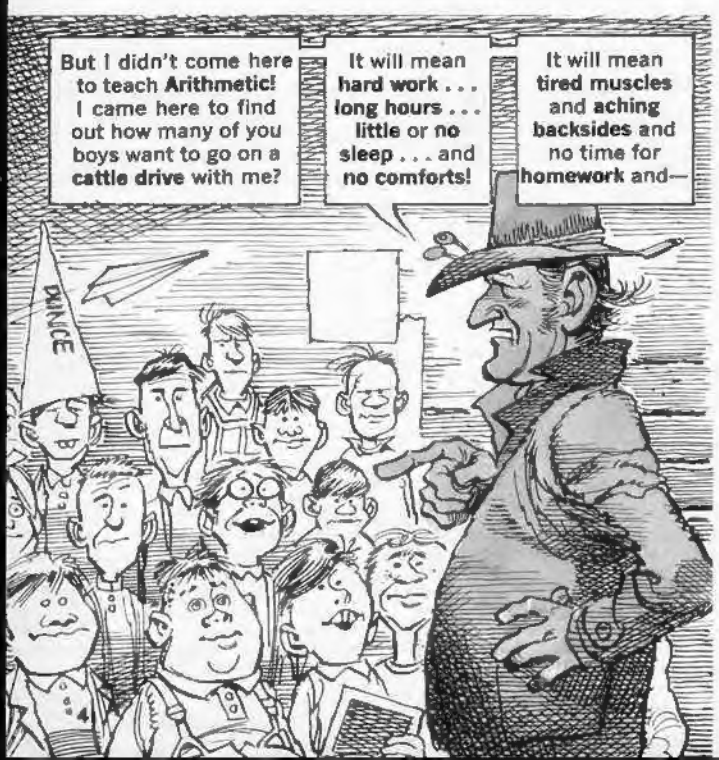
SHORT IN THE SADDLE DEPT.

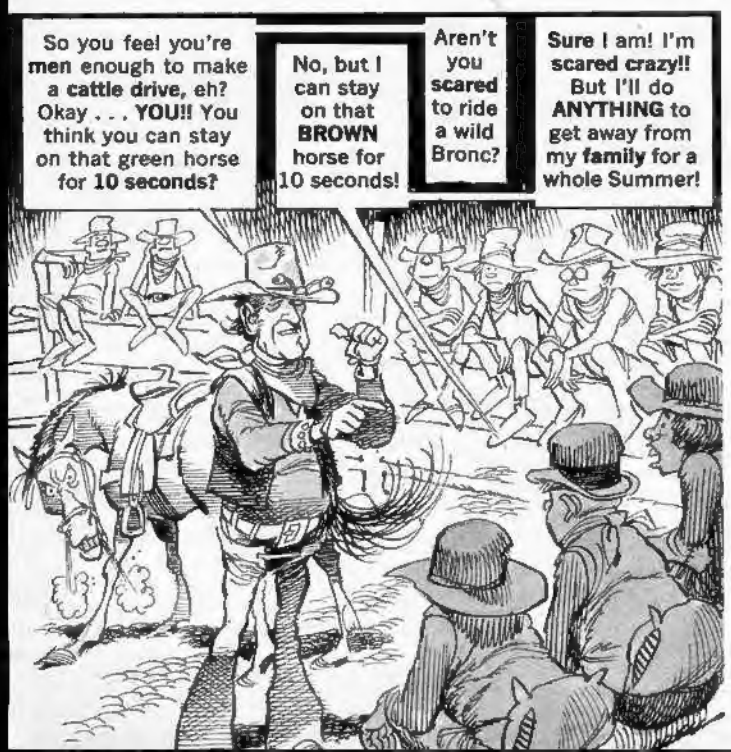
Okay, all of you young people out there! Had enough of the sexy new-wave movies that are rated **"R"** and **"X"** and **"Ecch"**? Let's take a look at a "nice" movie . . . one that's rated **"GP"** . . . which means there's hardly **any** sex, just blood and gore and violence and murder and—*ulp*—

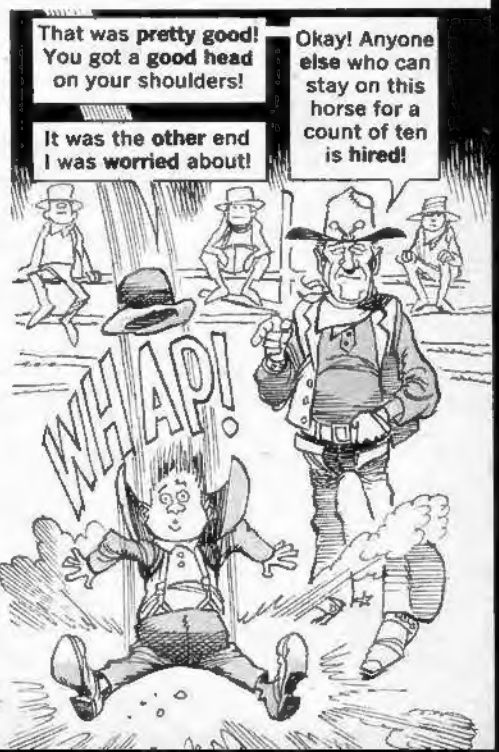
THE



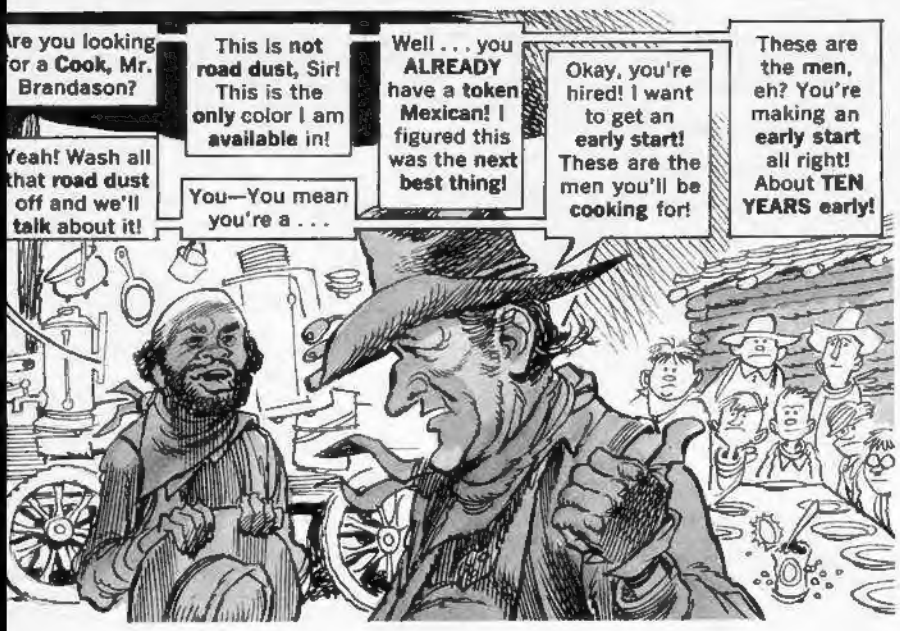
COWKIDS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

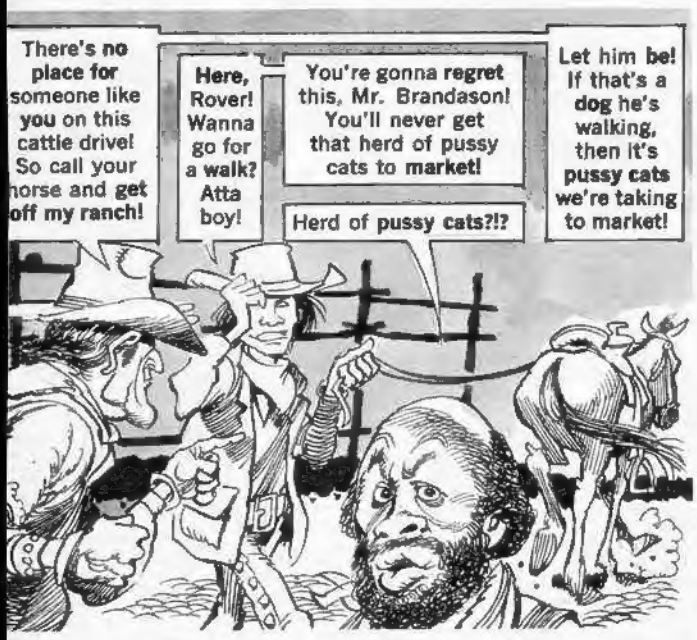




Count of ten?!? I'm only in the First Grade! I can't even count up to seven!
Boy, my rear-end hurts . . . and that's just from watching!
I'm next . . . and I've got my heart in my mouth!
I'm after you . . . and I've got a pillow in my pants!
O.K.! You all made a fine showing! You may have been BOYS when you applied for this job, but when it's over, you're all going to be MEN!
Yeah! Crippled OLD MEN!!
How about letting me try it?
My job is to add a little spice to this sickeningly sweet picture! I'm the token Mexican!
I haven't got a name! I'm a . . . a mistake of nature!
What are you doing here?
What's your name?
Then you're also our token Bastard!
Okay, let's see what you can do with this wild beast . . .
Here, boy!
Sit down!
Roll over!
Play dead!
Wow! Where'd you learn to handle a horse like that?
Horse?! I thought it was a big DOG!!
O.K., boys, you're all hired! And since I'm going to treat you like men, you'll be paid like men! At the end of the drive, each of you can have either $50 in cash . . .
. . . or 100 luscious lollipops plus a big red balloon!
Now you all go home and get a good night's sleep because I want to start out FIRST THING in the morning!
What time is that, Mr. Brandason?
One minute after Midnight!
I'm going to be gone for a long time, dear! Do you want me to bring you back anything?
Just you— and a string of blue glass beads!
It's also going to be a very dangerous trip! I may not make it!
In that case, can you mail me the beads?

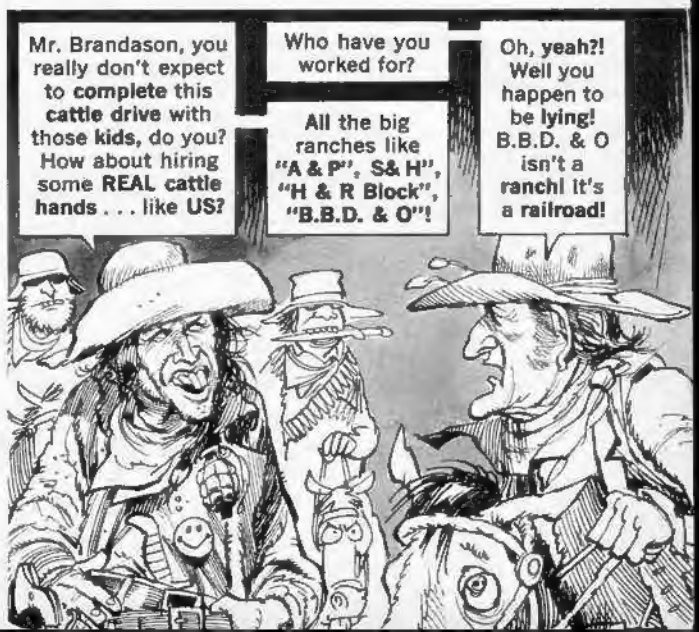

Are you looking for a Cook, Mr. Brandason?
This is not road dust, Sir! This is the only color I am available in!
Yeah! Wash all that road dust off and we'll talk about it!
You—You mean you're a . . .
Well . . . you ALREADY have a token Mexican! I figured this was the next best thing!
Okay, you're hired! I want to get an early start! These are the men you'll be cooking for!
These are the men, eh? You're making an early start all right! About TEN YEARS early!

Fight!
Fight!
Hey, what's going on here?
Nothing! I was just trying to take a splinter out of his chest!
Yeah! From the BACK!


There's no place for someone like you on this cattle drive! So call your horse and get off my ranch!
Here, Rover! Wanna go for a walk? Atta boy!
You're gonna regret this, Mr. Brandason! You'll never get that herd of pussy cats to market!
Herd of pussy cats?!?
Let him be! If that's a dog he's walking, then it's pussy cats we're taking to market!

Okay, men! Move 'em out . . .
We're going to ride, and ride hard!
Let's go! Yeah . . . Yeah . . .
Woop! Woop! Hyaah!
Git along, little dogies!!
Not dogies, you idiot! Pussy cats!

Yip, yip! Hy-upp! Keep 'em moving, boys!
There's nothing like seeing a big herd on the move, is there?
No, sir . . . there certainly isn't
Fanny! Why in the world are you following the herd? You should have stayed home!
I AM home! You and your "men" have driven the cattle around the house 14 times so far! Tell those kids they're riding "round-up" horses . . . NOT "merry-go-round" horses!


Mr. Brandason, you really don't expect to complete this cattle drive with those kids, do you? How about hiring some REAL cattle hands . . . like US?
Who have you worked for?
All the big ranches like "A & P", S& H", "H & R Block", "B.B.D. & O"!
Oh, yeah?! Well you happen to be lying! B.B.D. & O isn't a ranch! It's a railroad!

I'm sorry! I **DID** lie, Mr. Brandason! Because nobody will **hire** us when they find out we're **ex-cons** who did time for **kidnapping, robbery, murder** and **passing a red light!**

Well, **I'm** not going to hire you **either!** I don't **mind** the kidnapping and robbing and murdering and passing a red light! It's just that I can't stand people who **get caught!** Now...get out of here!!

You really think that you'll **make** Bells Palsy with this group of **green kids?**

Yep! I figure it'll take about **5 days!**

Yeah? Well, you'd better make that about **25 days,** with the progress **YOU'RE** making!

He's **right** dear!

Fanny! What are **YOU** doing here! I told you to **stay home!**

I AM home!

Oh, NO...

Dinner is on, boys.

What are we **having?**

Oysters on the half shell, onion soup, Coq au Vin, string beans almondine, potatoes souffle, avocado salad and a Burgundy wine!

Yecch! Who wants **that** garbage?!?

We want **franks** and **soda pop!**

Why do you boys **stare** at me all day long? Haven't you ever seen a **Black man** before?

Sure we have! But you're the **first** man we ever saw—Black **OR** White—that spoke **perfect English!**

Okay, boys! **Mount up!** Let's get **goin'** We're **burning daylight!**

Burning daylight?! We just ate **dinner!** It's eight o'clock **at night!**

How do you **know** it's eight o'clock at night! It might be eight o'clock in the **morning!**

Because it's **pitch black** out!!

What's the matter?!? You never heard of a **cloudy day** before?

By the way, has anybody seen my **wife** recently?

Not for about **three hours!**

Thank God! We must finally be **off my property!**

Okay, **Move 'em out!** Let's **go!!**

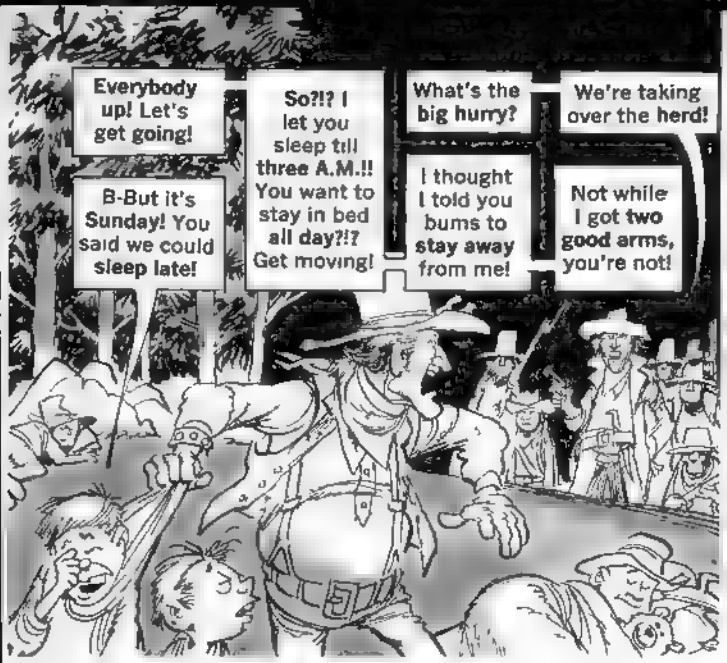
M-M-Mister Bran-Bran-Brandason! He-He-He-f-f-f-fell in the wa-wa-

Hey, you! I thought I told you to **stay away** from me!

You **did!** But what **Stuttering Boob** was trying to **tell** you was that **this idiot** fell off his horse into the **rapids** and he **can't swim** and he was **drowning** and that you should **help** him!

Somehow it seemed **funnier** the way **Boob** was telling it!

As for YOU, I never want to hear you stutter again! Understand?!?
Y-y-y-yes, s-s-s-sir!
CUT THAT OUT!
You son of a #%&!
What did you say?
You mean son of a #%&!
Say it again!
You mean rotten son of a #%&!
See? Your stuttering's cured!
Holy #$%¢&! I can't believe my #$%& ears! Wait till my #$%& Mother and #$%& Father hear me . . . not to mention my #$%& Sunday School Teacher!
Breakfast is ready! Twelve bacon and eggs . . . and one bagels and lox!
Hmm! I almost forget we had a token one of THEM, too!
Say, you haven't seen my wife walking around, have you?
No, Sir! Not for a day and a half, now!
Holy cow! We REALLY must be moving!!
How did you like your Dinner, boy?
Best &¢%$# ☻! filet mignon I ever had!
He doesn't stutter any more, but now I sure would like to do something about his language!
Er—can we go to sleep now, Sir?
Sure, boys! I guess you're tired! I must try to remember that you're just kids and don't have the kind of strength and stamina that a man like me, Z-Z-ZZZ-ZZZZZ-ZZZZZ
They're asleep!
Got the bottle of stuff?
Yeah! Here! Have a slug!
Mmmm! It's good!
Yeah! It's great tasting Soda Pop again after being served Vintage Wine with every meal!
Hi, there big boy!
Hi, there big broad!
Lookin' for a little fun!
Yep!
Come into the wagon and I'll teach you something fantastic!
No, thank you, Ma'am! See, that's why I came along on this cattle drive . . . to get away from my Teacher!
That young man seems to have turned down an evening of love!
Well, I convinced him that it'd be better that way! A young man's first experience should be with a girl in the back seat of a buggy! He had a buck for the girl, but he didn't have an extra 50¢ for the buggy! How about you . . . ?
Madam, I have the money, I have the desire, and I have the time! However, I am afraid that I might—er—pick up something!
You mean a disease?
No, I mean bad speech patterns! I pride myself on my diction!


Everybody up! Let's get going!
B-But it's Sunday! You said we could sleep late!
So?!? I let you sleep till three A.M.!! You want to stay in bed all day?!? Get moving!
What's the big hurry?
We're taking over the herd!
I thought I told you bums to stay away from me!
Not while I got two good arms, you're not!

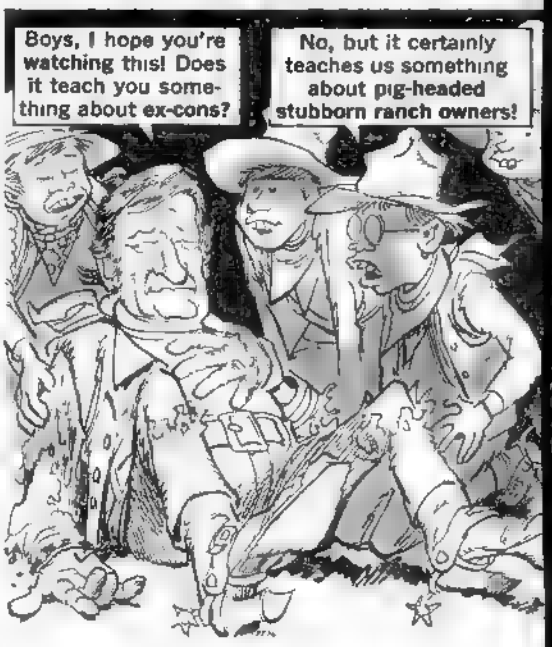
BLAM
BLAM

Not while I got two good legs, you're not!!

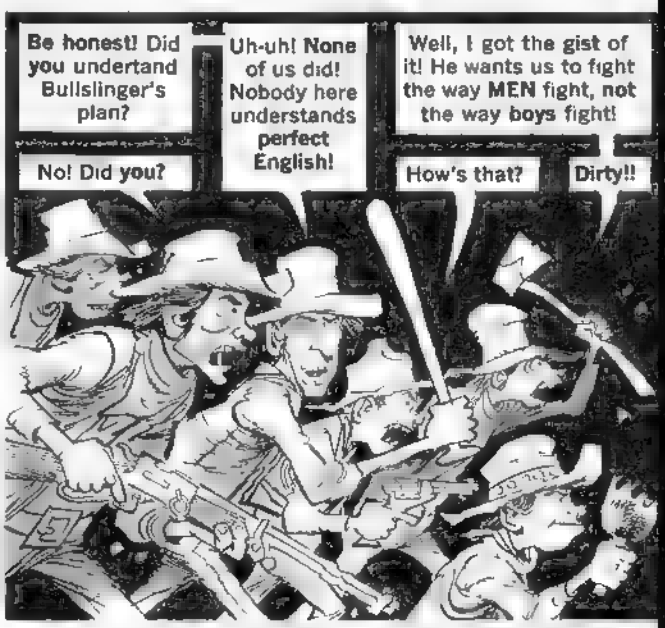
BLAM
BLAM

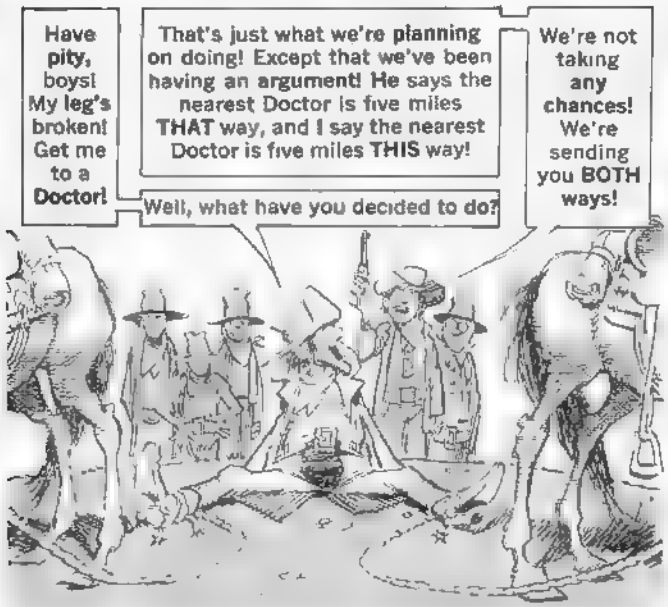
Boy, you're lucky I've got a good heart or—

BLAM

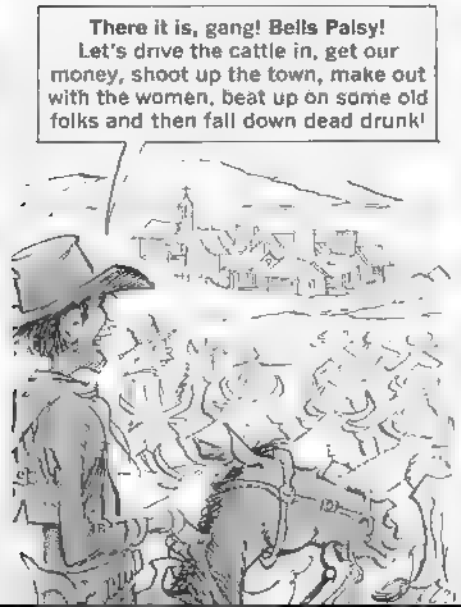

Boys, I hope you're watching this! Does it teach you something about ex-cons?
No, but it certainly teaches us something about pig-headed stubborn ranch owners!

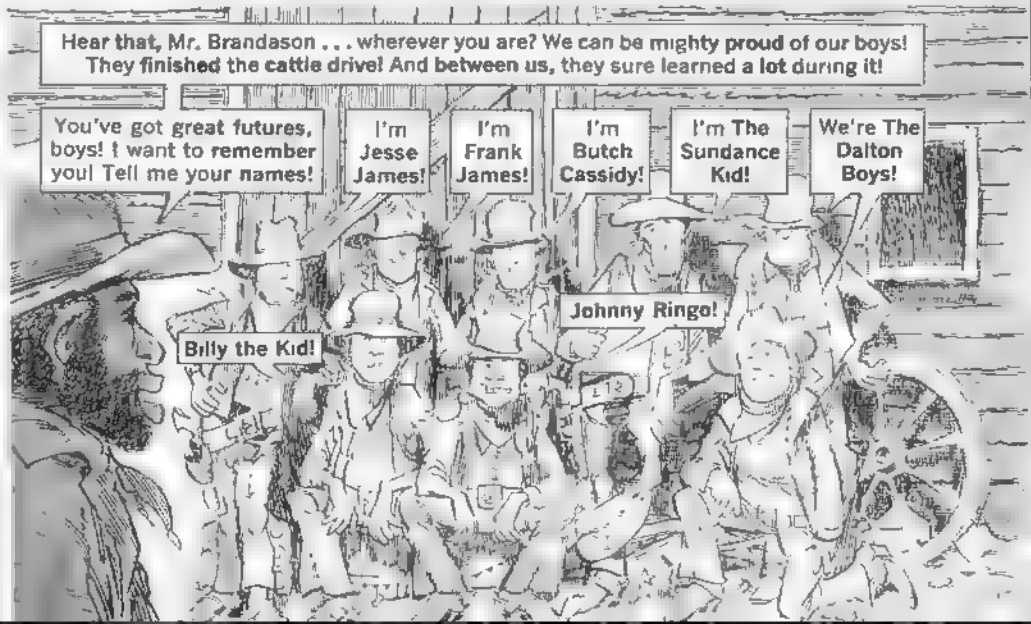
H-he's dead! This is our chance! Now we can take justice into our own hands, revenge his death, get back the cattle, and then, maybe, go kite flying!
Boys, I'm afraid I cannot allow you to take revenge! There are SEVENTEEN of them, and only ELEVEN of you! You'll never succeed!
Then we'll tie you up... and leave you here to rot!
Like I said, there are only seventeen of them, and twelve of US! So if we work together, we can do it! Now... here's my plan... pst... pst... pst


Be honest! Did you undertand Bullslinger's plan?
No! Did you?
Uh-uh! None of us did! Nobody here understands perfect English!
Well, I got the gist of it! He wants us to fight the way MEN fight, not the way boys fight!
How's that?
Dirty!!


Have pity, boys! My leg's broken! Get me to a Doctor!
That's just what we're planning on doing! Except that we've been having an argument! He says the nearest Doctor is five miles THAT way, and I say the nearest Doctor is five miles THIS way!
Well, what have you decided to do?
We're not taking any chances! We're sending you BOTH ways!

Somebody . . . make a wish!
Yecch! This "Final Comeuppance" scene is disgusting!
Why? Because it's so violent?
No . . . because it's so short!
BLAM


There it is, gang! Bells Palsy! Let's drive the cattle in, get our money, shoot up the town, make out with the women, beat up on some old folks and then fall down dead drunk!


Hear that, Mr. Brandason . . . wherever you are? We can be mighty proud of our boys! They finished the cattle drive! And between us, they sure learned a lot during it!
You've got great futures, boys! I want to remember you! Tell me your names!
I'm Jesse James!
I'm Frank James!
I'm Butch Cassidy!
I'm The Sundance Kid!
We're The Dalton Boys!
Johnny Ringo!
Billy the Kid!

ODD BALL IN THE BACK POCKET DEPT.

Hey, wealthy eccentric fans! Here's a fictionalized "MAD" look at what we'd probably find if we were to examine the contents of...

HOWARD HUGHES' WALLET

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

THINGS TO DO TODAY

7:00-8.00 AM – Wake up
8:00-9:00 AM – Look around
9:00-10:00 AM – Clip fingernails
10:00-10:30 AM – Rest
10:30-11:45 AM – Hide (behind couch).
11:45-12:00 AM – Buy a new hotel.
12:00-1:00 PM – Eat lunch (organic vegetables, natural herbs, raw sassafras, Tea steam and a cheese Danish).
1:00-3:00 PM – Nap. (Earn $122,356 interest while I sleep).
3:00-4:00 PM – Exercise. (Dance with myself).
4:00-6:00 PM – Hide (in closet).
6:00-7:00 PM – Entertainment. (Make finger shadows on wall of World War II fighter planes).
7:00-8.00 PM – Laugh
8:00-9:00 PM – Take off pajamas, put on clothes.
9.00-10:00 PM – Move to my new hotel.

THE HUGHES ORGANIZATION

Los Angeles The Bahamas Nicaragua Other Places

Mr. Fred De Cordova, Producer
"THE TONIGHT SHOW"
N B C
30, Rockefeller Plaza
New York City

Dear Mr. De Cordova:

I am in receipt of your letter urging me to consider making my first TV appearance on your "Tonight Show" along with other guest stars Steve Rossi, Giselle McKenzie, Zsa Zsa Gabor and comic Rodney Dangerfield.

Contrary to rumors, I'm NOT odd or eccentric. But before I agree to appear on television, certain conditions would have to be met:

1. The entire studio must be sterilized.
2. No one is to approach me from the left.
3. No one will utter the words, "Walla Walla".
4. No one within an 8-mile radius may sneeze.
5. I will answer no question that contains a vowel.
6. Everyone named "Normy" is to be ejected from the studio audience.

However, I have been out of touch for a while and have never heard of this "Johnny Carson." If I DO agree to appear on TV, I would prefer coming on an established hit show, and therefore I will be contacting Milton Berle and "The Texaco Star Theatre" first.

Sorry, but thank you for your interest.

Very truly yours,
H. R. Hughes
H.R. Hughes

U.S. GOVERNMENT EMERGENCY COMMUNICATION RUSH!

FROM: Bureau of Missing Persons, Washington, D.C.

TO: Mr. H.R. Hughes

Thank you for your recent inquiry about yourself. We have done our best, but in answer to your request, we cannot "tell you where you are". I know this must be a very painful time you're going through, but look at our problem: We don't even know where to send this letter!

J. D. Sellinger
J.D. Sellinger
Assistant Manager*

*Our regular Manager, Mr. Lionel Tremel, cannot be located at this time.

Memo From H. R. Hughes

Luxury Hotel and Casino Properties, Corp.
Freeport, Bahama Islands, W.I.

Gentlemen:

Considering the rumors circulating for the past 16 years that I am dead and do not even exist, I can understand your desire to confirm my authenticity before closing the deal we made.

And so, to eliminate your doubts once and for all, I am enclosing a jar of my "breath". You can examine it and compare it to my breath prints of 16 years ago.

I trust this will also put a stop to the rumors that I am eccentric and crazy.

Very truly yours,
H. R. Hughes
H.R. Hughes

The National Playing Card Association

♥ ♦ Poughkeepsie, New York ♣ ♠

Dear Mr. Hughes:

Thank you for your recent inquiry. We conduct many major card playing tournaments, including Bridge, Canasta, Gin Rummy and even the National "GO-Fish!" Challenge Match, held every Spring in Asbury Park.

However, in answer to your question, we are sorry to inform you that there is no such thing as an "Annual Solitaire Championship".

Sincerely yours
Martin Melder
Martin Melder
Director of Promotion

IDENTIFICATION

NAME Howard R. Hughes

ADDRESS Texas, Las Vegas, The Bahamas, Nicaragua, A car parked somewhere in the Western Hemisphere, A Tiechouse in Brazil and a Summer home in Atlantic City, N.J.

TELEPHONE NO. Unlisted. Even I don't know it.

OCCUPATION Billionaire Industrialist, Movie Maker, Aircraft Designer, Mystery Man, Recluse and Professional Mishugginah

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, NOTIFY: Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, Sonny Tufts, Lamont Cranston or Judge Crater.

THE HUGHES ORGANIZATION

Office Of Public Relations
New York City

Howard,
We have heard of your plans to finally "reveal yourself" to the public and show them exactly what you are like.
We do not think you should rush into this without proper preparation and counseling.
Howard, you must understand, times have changed since you disappeared 16 years ago. You are out of touch with the public.
Please reconsider.

Tom

THE HUGHES ORGANIZATION
Inter-Office Memo

From: Number One, Address Unknown
To: George, Los Angeles Office

George,
I am planning on coming out of hiding soon, and I will need a pair of shoes.
Enclosed is a receipt for the shoes I left to be repaired back in March, 1954. Please pick them up and have them waiting for me.

Howard

VITO'S SHOE REPAIR
"DEPENDABLE WORK-FAST SERVICE"
1278 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.

#6890-43 ONE PR. BROWN SHOES ½ SOLES AND HEELS MARCH 18, 1954 —

Memo From H. R. Hughes

Tom,
I appreciate your concern, but there is nothing to worry about.
I can communicate with the public because I can still speak their bop lingo. And I've got a zoot suit with a reet pleat and a drape shape that'll just wow the bejeebers off'a them.
As soon as I hit Gotham, I'm gonna paint the town red! Then I'm gonna go to Ebbets Field, catch a Brooklyn Dodger game, then take my best girl to the Paramount for a movie and the stage show, and then take a nice quiet walk up Broadway and into Central Park at night.
So give me five and I'll dig you later!

Howie

THE HUGHES ORGANIZATION
Inter-Office Memo

From: George, L.A. Office
To: Number One

Howard,
Spoke to Vito. Your shoes will be ready a week from Thursday.

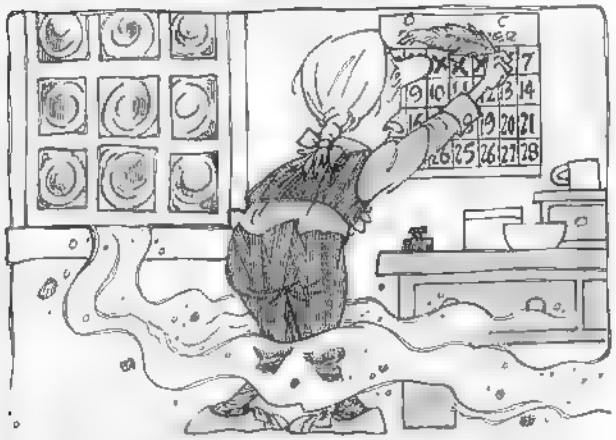
George

OUR GOOSE IS COOKED DEPT.

Hey, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle
Are heading for death and destruction;
Let's hope that they read
All the rhymes that succeed
This ridiculous Mad introduction . . . to

MAD'S ECOLO

Solomon Grundy

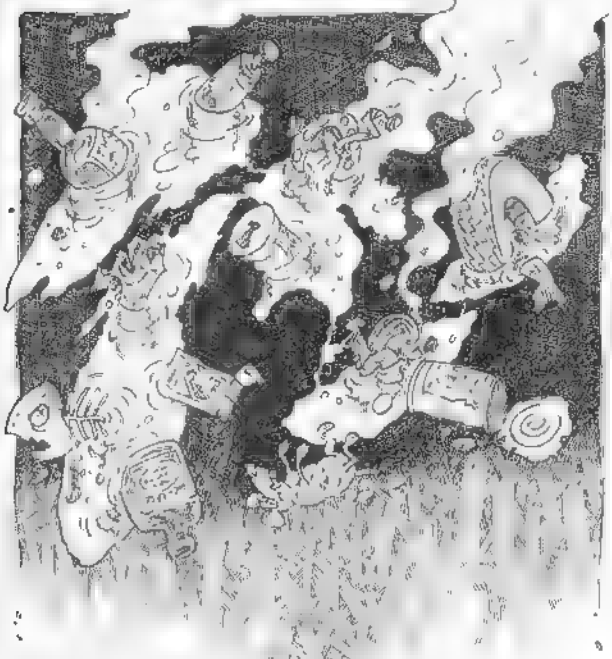


Solomon Grundy, breathed on Monday,
Wheezed on Tuesday, sneezed on Wednesday,
Coughed on Thursday, gasped on Friday,
Gagged on Saturday, heaved on Sunday,
And that was a good week for Solomon Grundy.

If All Of The Gum

If all of the gum that people chewed
Was stuck beneath a chair—
If all of the trash that people burned
Was blown into the air—
If all of the slums that slumlords owned
Were left to rot away—
Then you would know for sure, my lad,
You're in the U.S.A.

Five Great Lakes



Five great lakes;
Five great lakes;
See what we've done!
See what we've done!
The fish are all dead 'cause pollution's rife;
You can cut through the scum with a carving knife;
Did you ever see such a blight in your life
As five great lakes?

Hickety, Pickety

Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Of course, it's very good indeed
They don't know what goes in her feed.

GY MOTHER GOOSE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. VERSE: FRANK JACOBS IDEA: M. S. PINKHAM

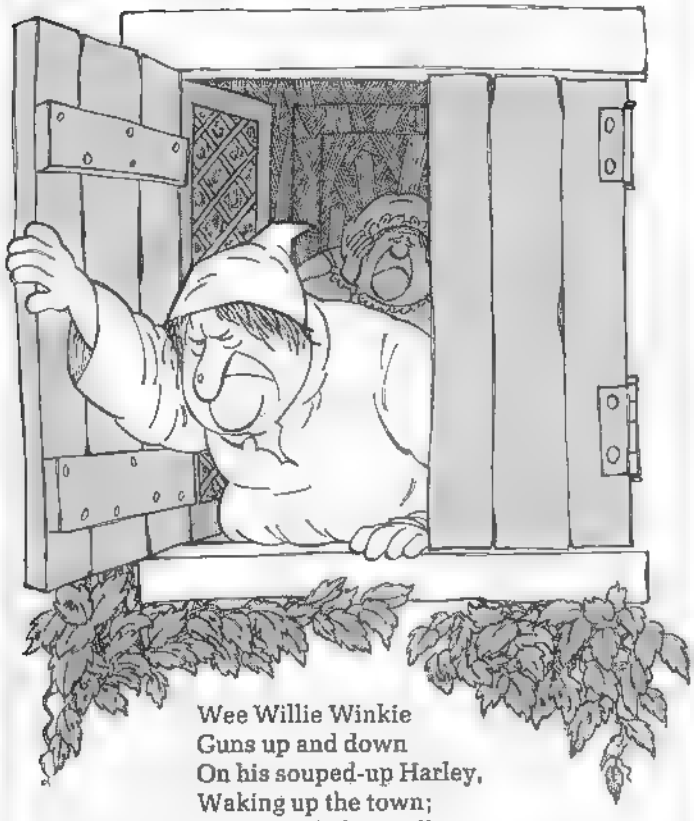
Sing a Song of Spillage

Sing a song of spillage—
A tanker's fouled the shore;
Four-and-twenty black birds—
They were white before.

Little Miss Muffet

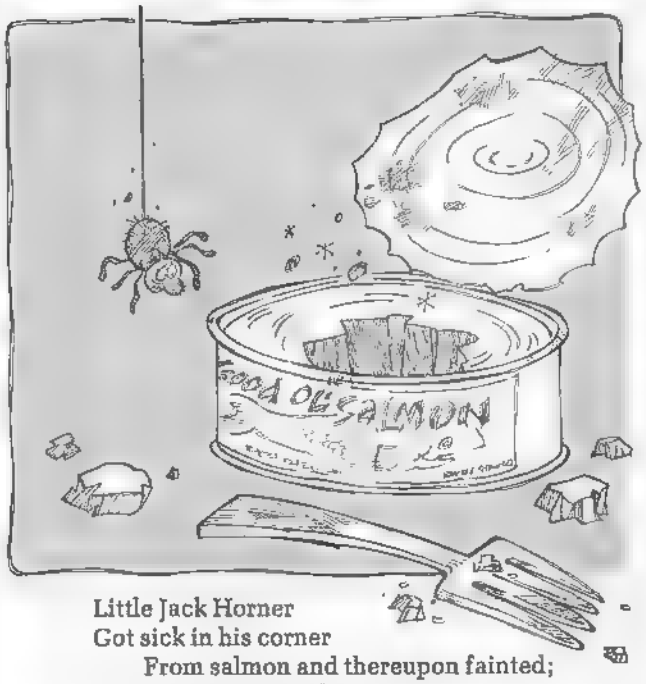
Little Miss Muffet
Collapsed on her tuffet
From swordfish and died in a minute;
Along came a spider
Who knelt down beside her
And said, "T'was the mercury in it."

Wee Willie Winkie



Wee Willie Winkie
Guns up and down
On his souped-up Harley,
Waking up the town;
If you think that Willie
Makes a racket, Mister,
Wait till Willie's brother
Turns on his transistor.

Little Jack Horner



Little Jack Horner
Got sick in his corner
From salmon and thereupon fainted;
The spider inspected
The brand Jack selected
And said, "Seems like everything's tainted."

Four Little Tigers

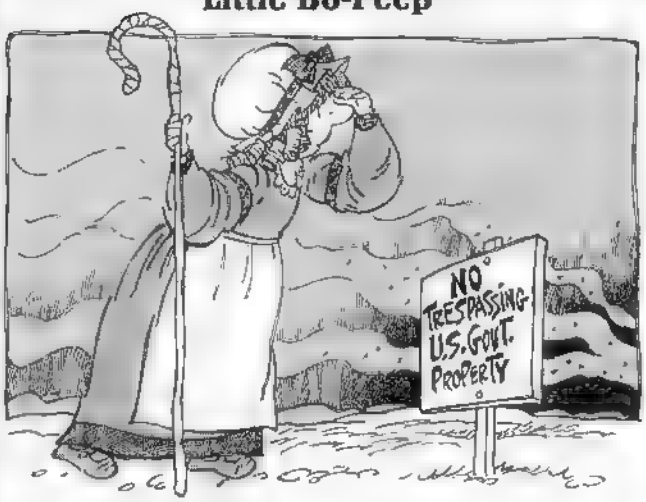
Four little tigers
Sitting in a tree;
One became a lady's coat—
Now there's only three.

Three little tigers
'Neath a sky of blue;
One became a rich man's rug—
Now there's only two.

Two little tigers
Sleeping in the sun;
One a hunter's trophy made—
Now there's only one.

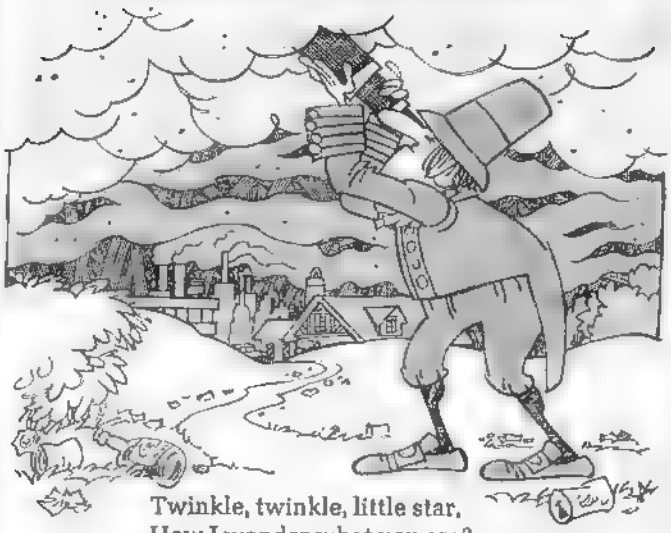
One little tiger
Waiting to be had;
Oops! He got the hunter first—
Aren't you kind of glad?

Little Bo-Peep



Little Bo-Peep
Has lost her sheep
And thinks they may be roaming;
They haven't fled;
They've all dropped dead
From nerve gas in Wyoming.

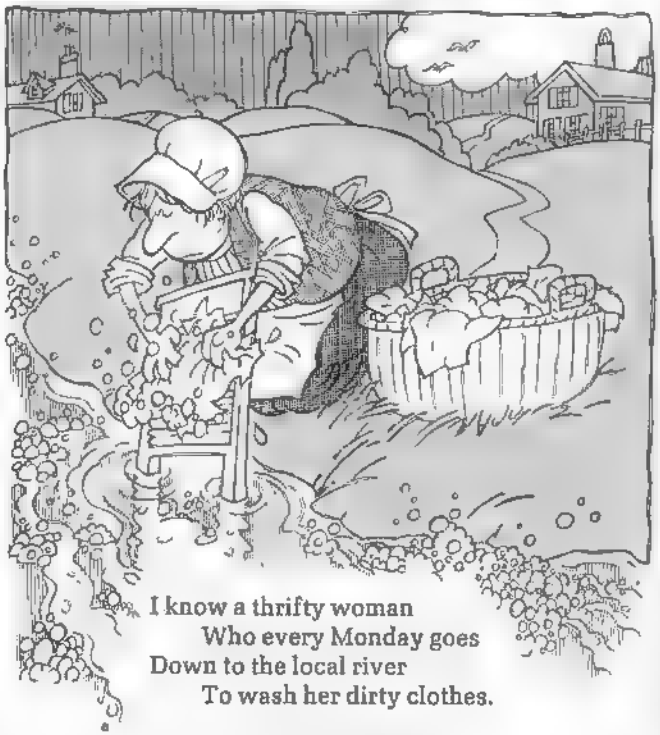
Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star



Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are?
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

Well, I'll tell you, little star,
I can't tell you what you are;
With the smoke and haze and pall
I'm not sure you're there at all.

I Know A Thrifty Woman



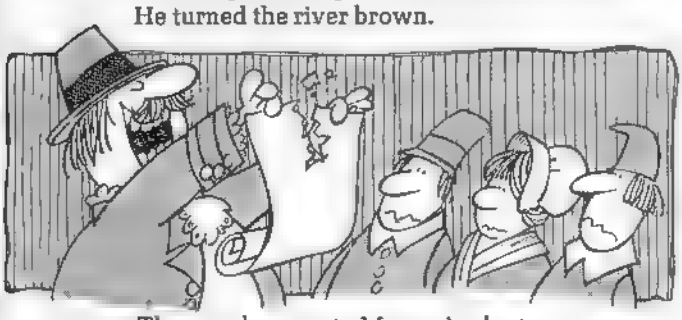
I know a thrifty woman
Who every Monday goes
Down to the local river
To wash her dirty clothes.

She never buys detergents
To clean her filthy duds
Because she knows the river
Is filled with gobs of suds.

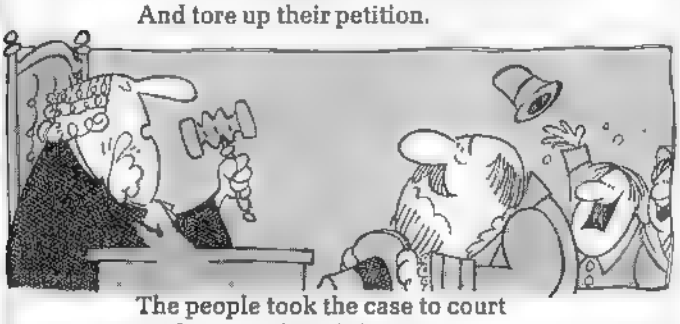
She really must be thrifty
In order to ignore
The fact the suds she's using
Were used by folks before.

Murray Had A Smelting Plant

Murray had a smelting plant,
Which made the people frown;
For every time he poured out wastes
He turned the river brown.



The people came to Murray's plant
To show their opposition;
But Murray laughed right in their face
And tore up their petition.



The people took the case to court
And Murray heard the judge
Declare the plant must never more
Pour out its icky sludge.

The judge invoked an ancient law
From eighteen fifty-nine,
Which meant that Murray had to pay
A fifteen-dollar fine.

Should Murray not obey the law,
It's good to know that when
He's hauled back in he'll have to pay
That fifteen bucks again.

Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty smoked a Pall Mall;
All of the doctors told Humpty that he
Must quit or he'd never live past 33.

Humpty Dumpty said, "I shall quit";
Humpty Dumpty smoked not a bit;
Humpty from smog is beginning to choke;
What the hell, Humpty! You might as well smoke!

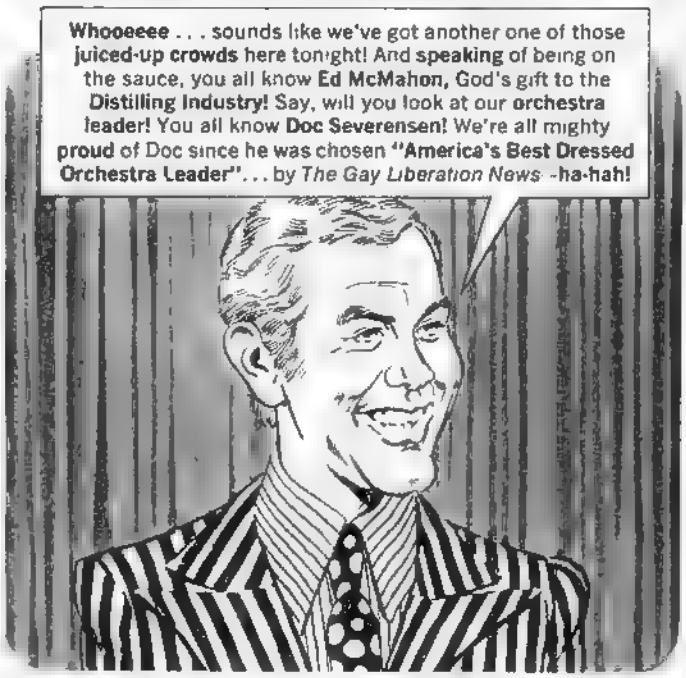
The Whole Wide World Is Terrible

The whole wide world is terrible;
The litter is unbearable;
The bottles aren't returnable;
The empty cans aren't burnable;
The sonic boom's incredible;
The tuna isn't edible;
The off-shore rigs are leakable;
The billboards are unspeakable;
The slumlords are incurable;
The smog is unendurable;
The phosphates aren't dissolvable;
The problems don't seem solvable;
The mess is unforgivable;
Let's face it—life's unlivable.

When Watching You Can Be

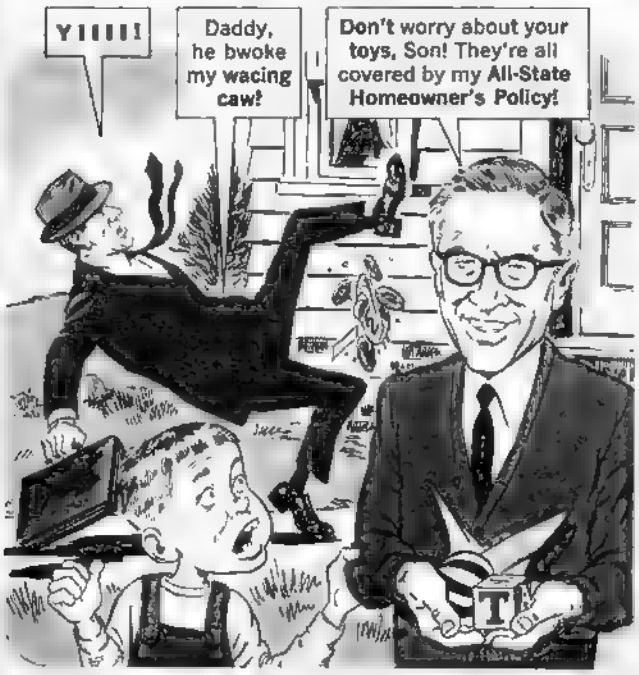
. . . more shots of Joe Namath sitting on the bench during a Jet telecast than of the Quarterback who's playing!

. . . Johnny Carson making references to booze, his audience and his orchestra leader (not necessarily in that order)!

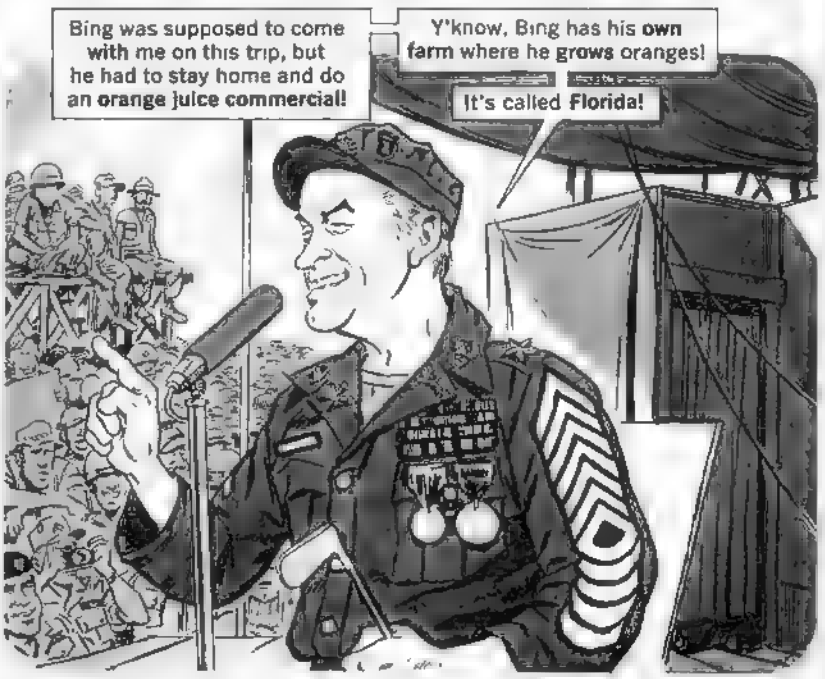


ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

. . . a discarded toy in an "All-State" commercial!



. . . a tiresome reference to Bing Crosby on every Bob Hope show!

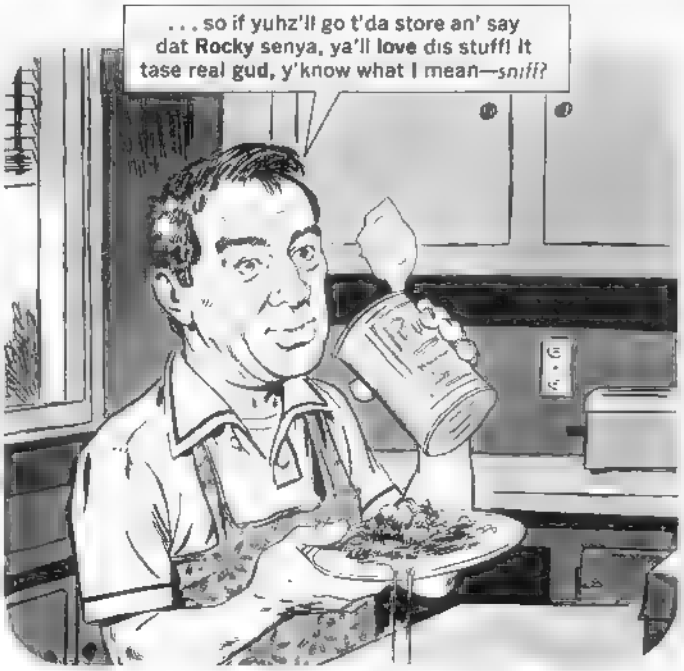


Television, Sure of Seeing...

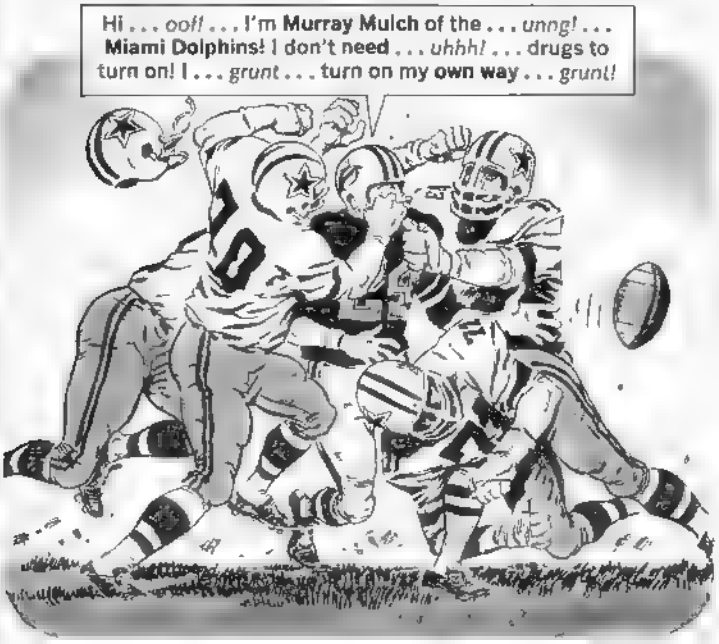
. . . a Holiday show that protests the commercialism of Christmas being interrupted every few minutes with a commercial message!

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

. . . Rocky Graziano selling something . . . but you're never quite sure of what it is!

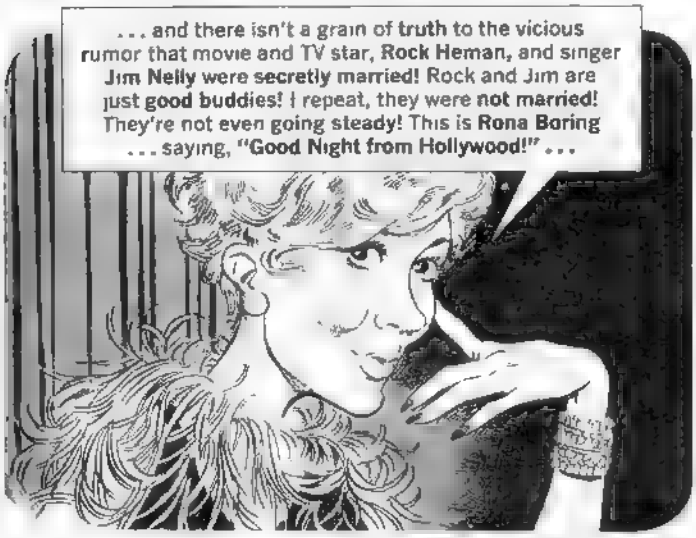


. . . an "Anti-Drug Plug" by a famous athlete that has so much violence, it makes drugs seem mild by comparison!

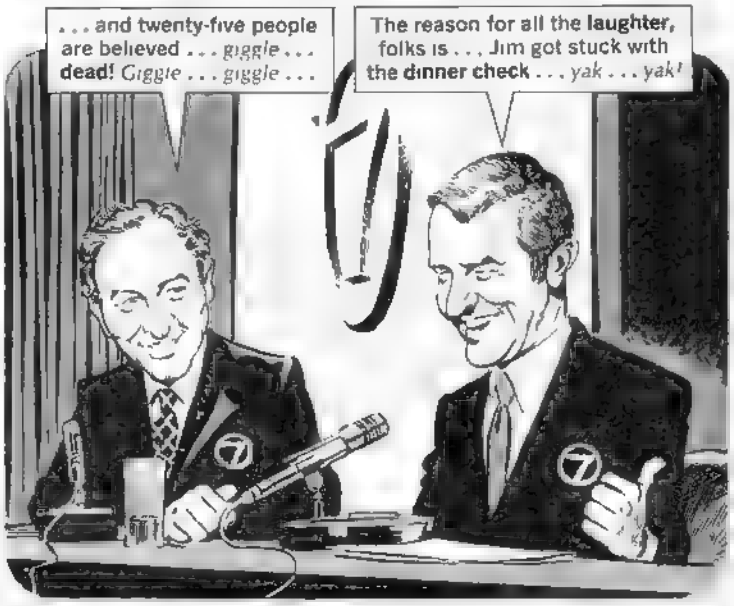


. . . a new TV Series about a single parent whose kids are trying to find him (or her) a mate!

. . . a Hollywood Gossip Columnist destroying someone's career by denying a vicious rumor that nobody would've ever heard of if she hadn't brought it up!



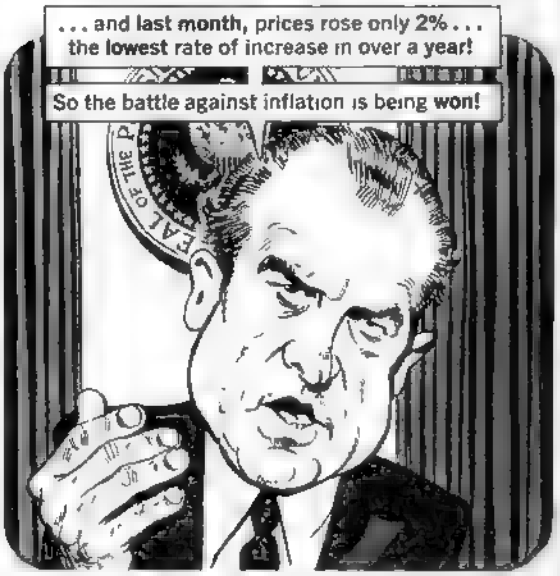
. . . a Network News team breaking up over some inside joke!



. . . a chase scene in every Detective Show, regardless of the hero's physical handicap!

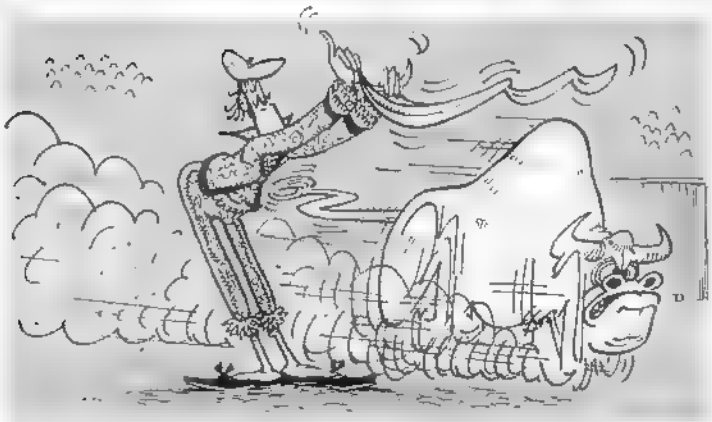
. . . Dean Martin and friend making leering references to booze!

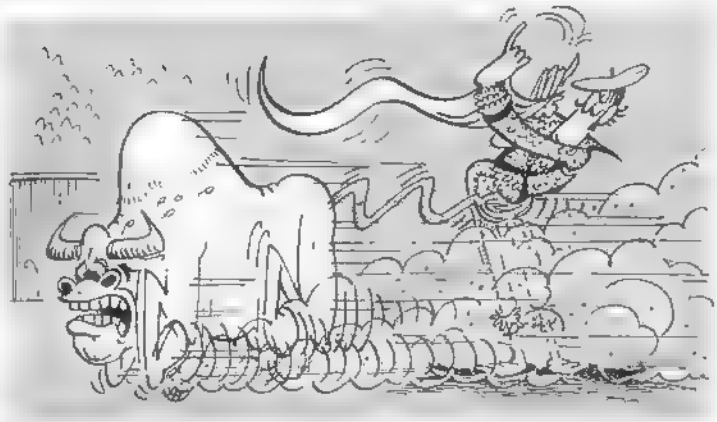
. . . a Politician widening the credibility gap!

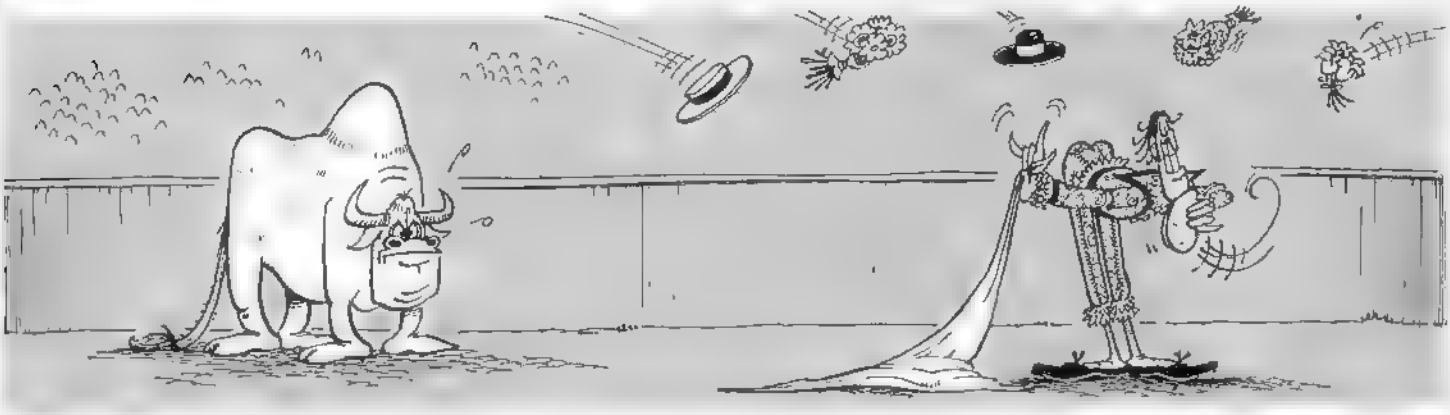


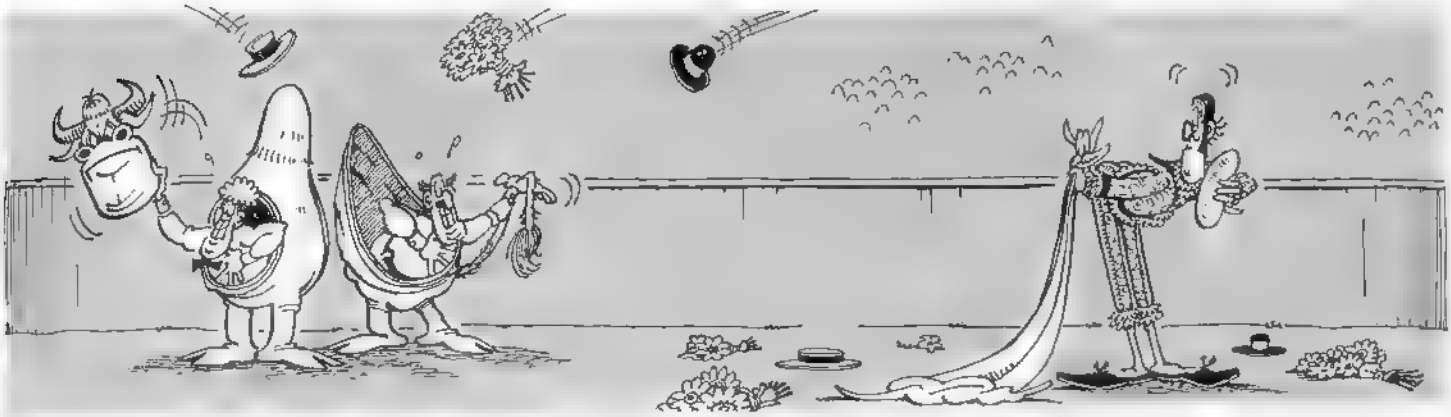
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

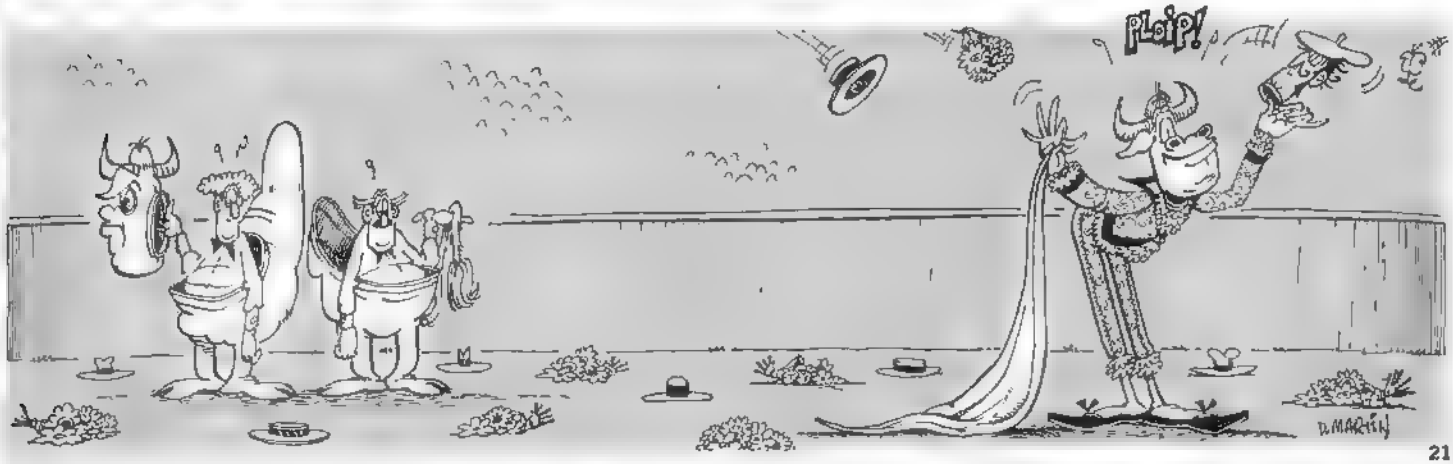
ONE DAY AT THE BULLFIGHTS







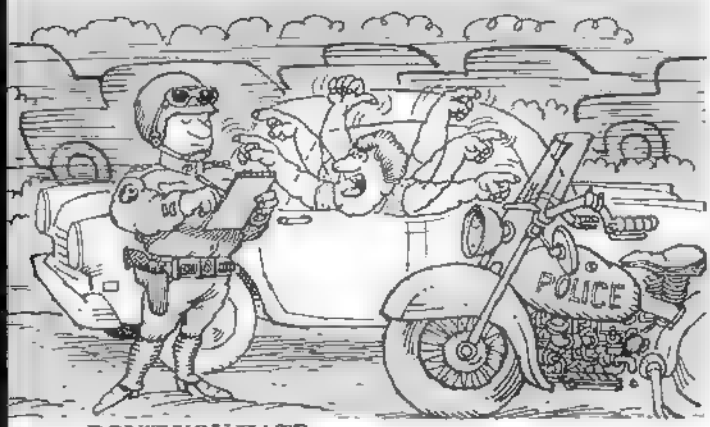




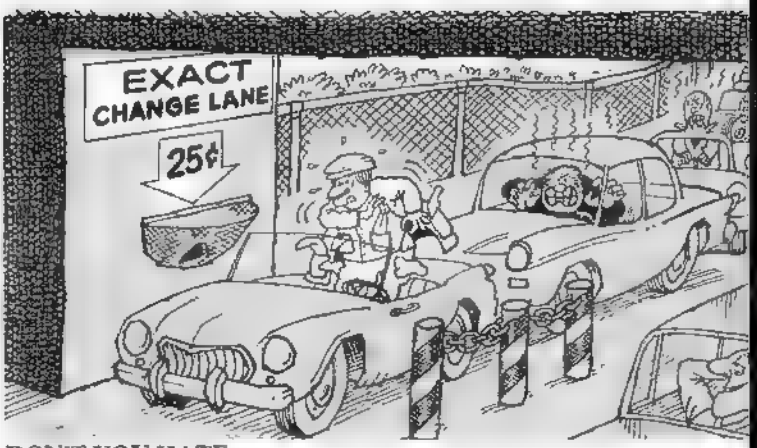
CAR SICK DEPT.

Hey, gang! Here we go with another MAD "Hate Book," those little literary gems calculated to help you feel better by

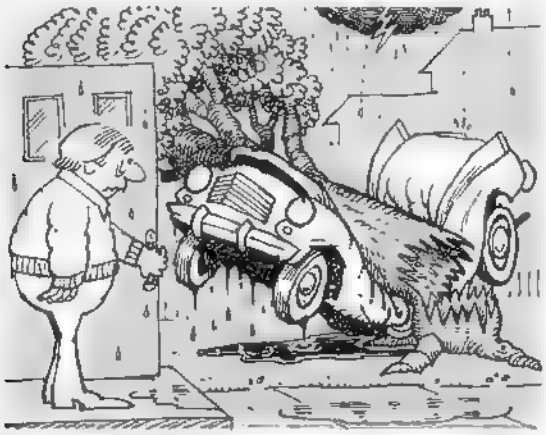
THE MAD CAR-OWN



DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . being the only one caught speeding when you were just going as fast as everyone else.

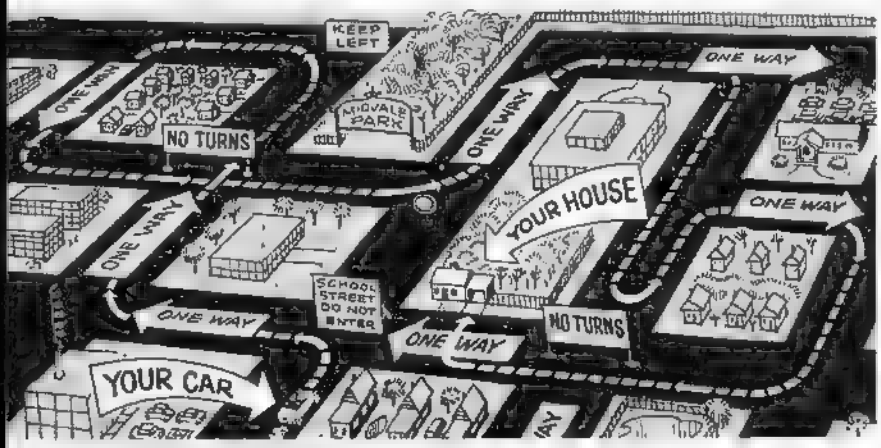


DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . getting into the "Exact Change Only" lane, and ending up behind a guy who finds he hasn't got the exact change.



DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . when something happens the day after you let your comprehensive insurance expire.

DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . the nauseating smell of gasoline that wafts forward to tell you that they've over-filled your tank again.



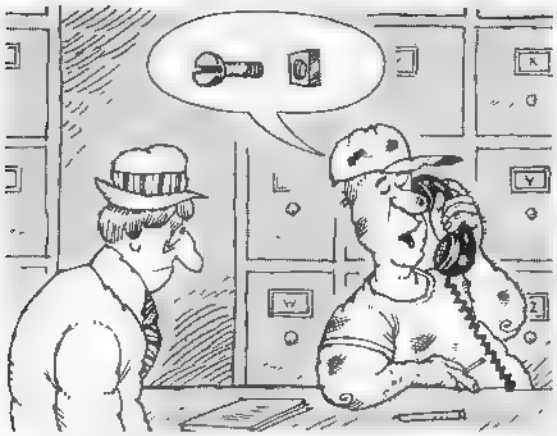
DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . "One Way" and "No Turn" signs that take you miles out of your way.

DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . bumpers that are higher than yours.

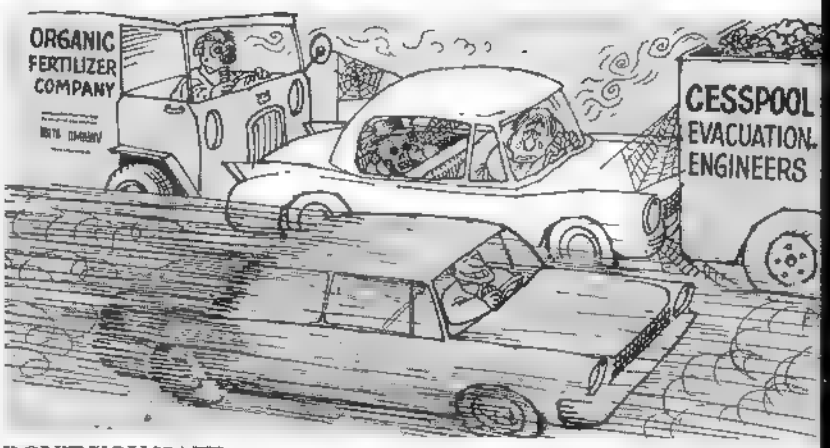
blowing off steam about your pet hates. This one is for the relief of all you car-owners out there, and is called . . .

ERS HATE BOOK

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

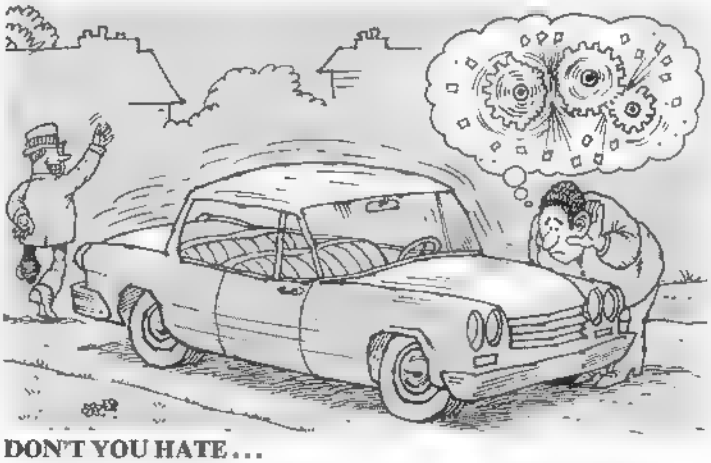


DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . repair shops that always have to *order* the part you desperately need.

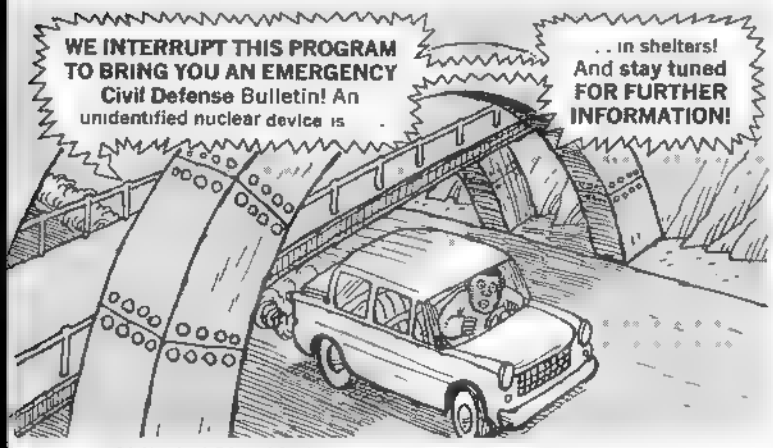


DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . finally getting into that moving lane only to find that it abruptly stops . . . and your old one moves from then on.

DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . a convertible top that invariably fails to operate whenever there's a sudden cloudburst.



DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . lending your car to someone . . . and after it's returned, the engine makes a strange sound you've never heard before.



DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . car radios that fade out at critical moments.

DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . finding a vacant space where you parked your car.

DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . strange noises that always disappear the minute you take your new car back to the dealer . and re-appear again right after you leave!

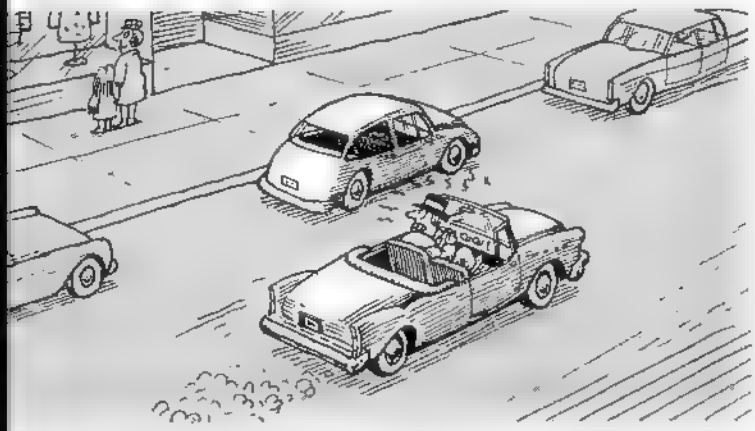
DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . having to go to the bathroom on one of those new treeless, bushless, exitless super-highways.

DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . hearing the unmistakable sound of a failing engine when you're right smack in the middle of the worst section of town.

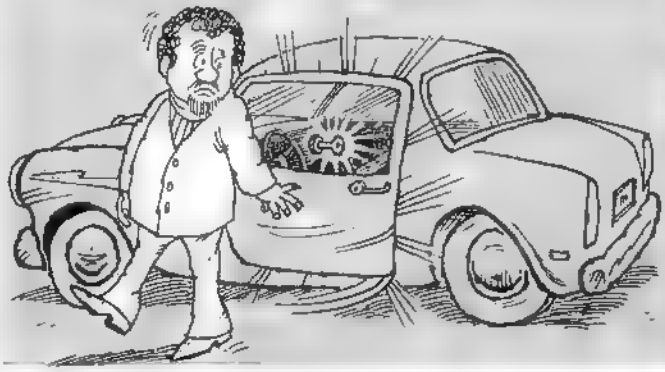
DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . people who carelessly track whatever they stepped into right into your brand new car.

DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . know-it-all mechanics who insist that it's perfectly okay to do exactly the opposite—or use other parts—than what the manufacturer of your car specifically recommends.

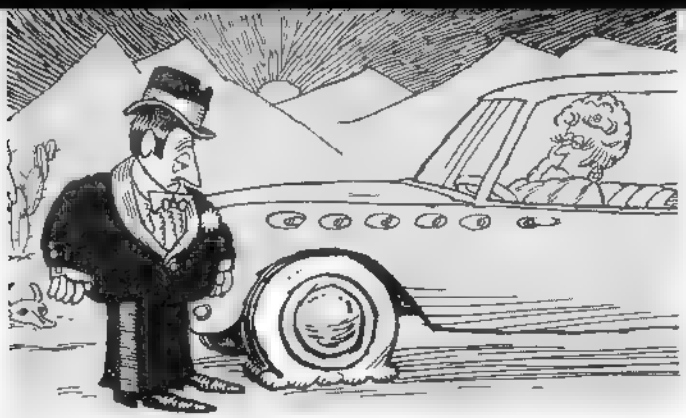
DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . people who let kids eat in your new car.



DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . two cars that take up three parking spaces.



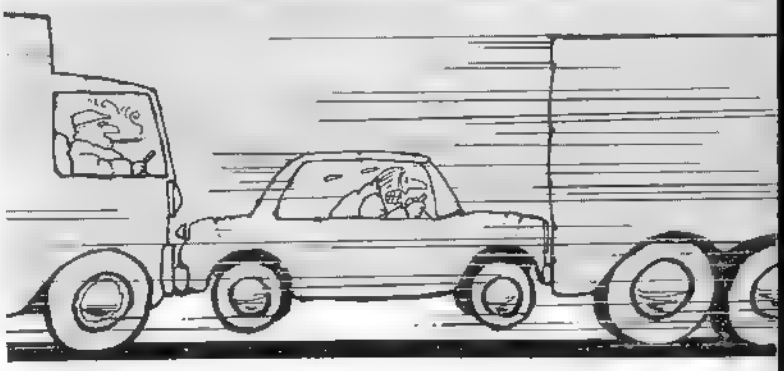
DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . glimpsing your car keys in the ignition just as you're slamming the locked car door.



DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . getting a flat tire in the middle of nowhere when you're dressed to the hilt.

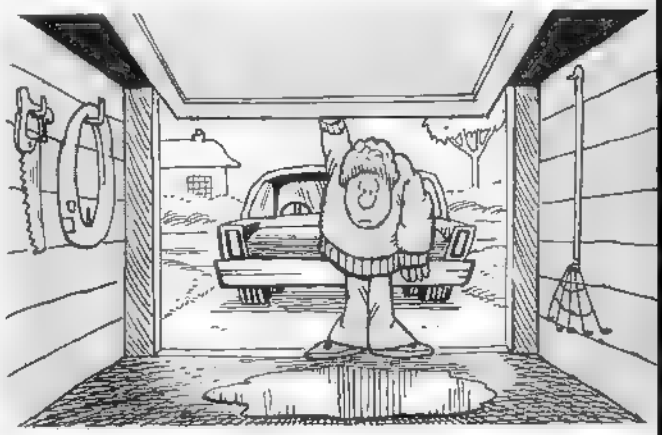
DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . lending someone your car with a full tank of gas —and having it returned with exactly two drops left.

DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . your new car's air conditioner that conks out during the first heat wave . . . reminding you of how the heater conked out during the first cold wave.



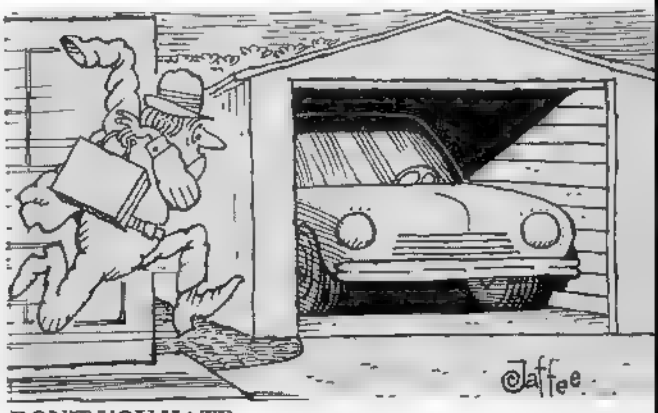
DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . being trapped between two huge trucks . . . and having to go miles beyond your turn-off.

DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . forgetting where you parked your car in a 10,000 car parking lot.

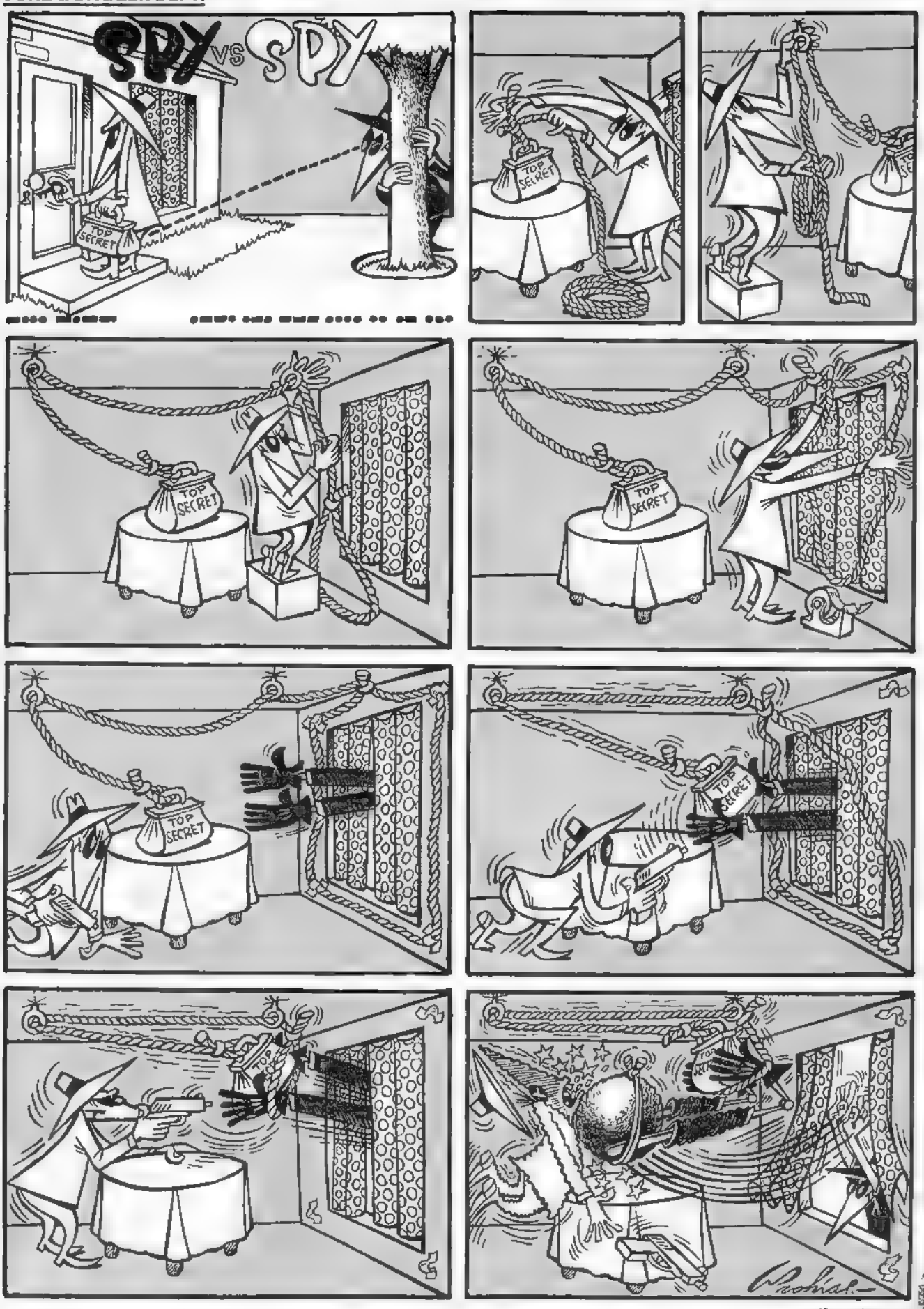


DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . finding a strange new puddle in your garage.

DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . gas station attendants who act like they're doing you the biggest favor in the world when they finally get to you.

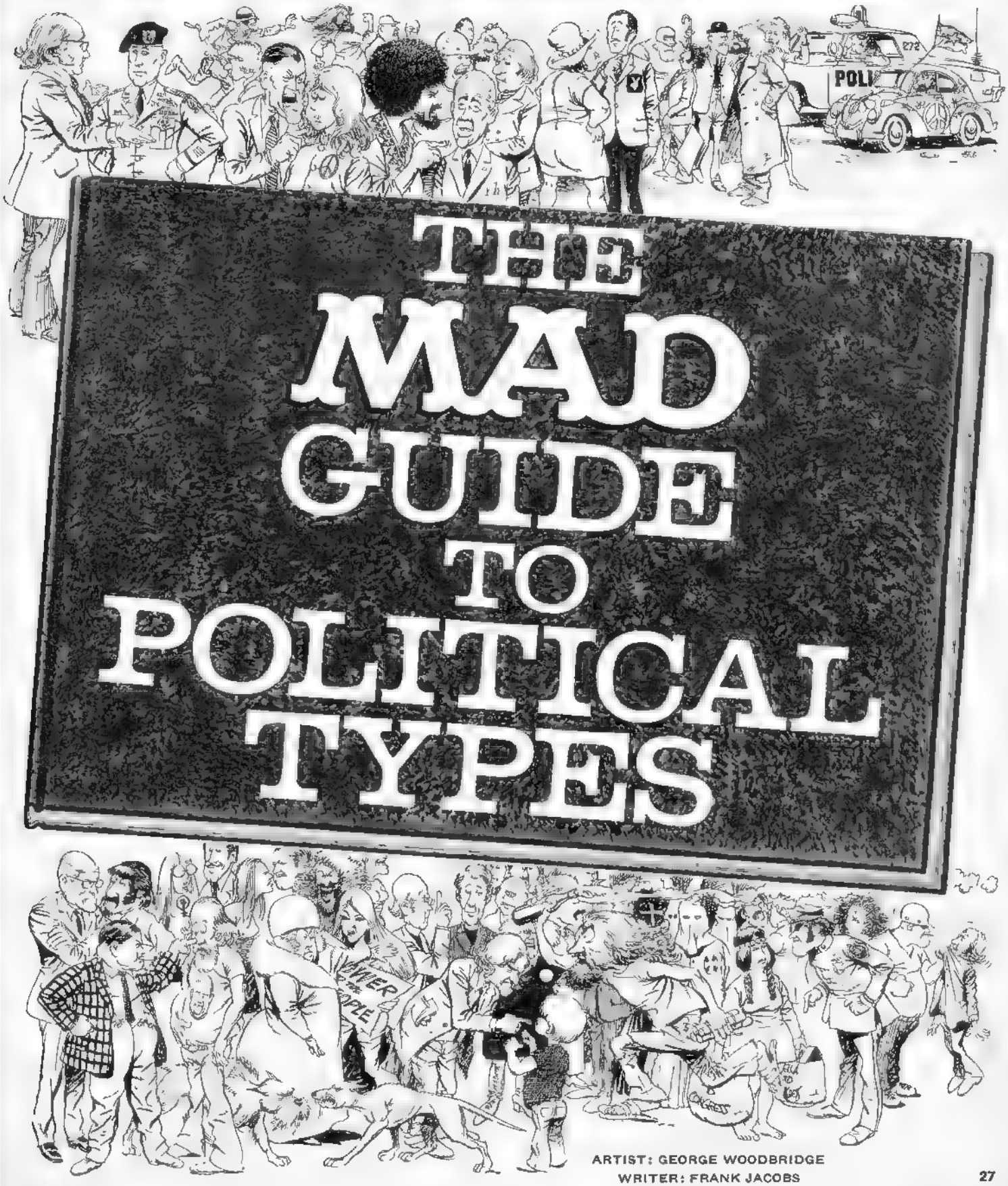


DON'T YOU HATE . . .
. . . returning to your car the next morning just as the last faint glimmer of light fades from your headlights.


SPY vs SPY
TOP SECRET

KNOWING YOUR LEFT FROM YOUR RIGHT DEPT.

Is your cousin a Conservative? Is your Uncle a Liberal? Is your Exterminator a Leftist? Is your Boss a Reactionary? It's really easy to determine because each political type has certain unique characteristics and behaviorisms. So next time you want to know whether your future Wife is a New Left Extremist or your future Husband is a Right Wing Militarist, just study them and consult...



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

LIBERALS...

Feed their pets organic foods.	Watch Dick Cavett.	Try to see the other guy's point of view while being mugged.	Bicycle.
Say, "Peace!"	Take [illegible] yoga.	Support non-profit TV.	Have tried pot.
Secretly wish William F. Buckley was a Liberal.	Secretly wish David Susskind wasn't.	Walk around nude in front of the children.	Know the name of their Congressman.
Sign petitions.	Are cremated.	Get psychoanalyzed.	Distrust Nixon.
Subscribe to "Consumer Reports"	Grind their own coffee.	Make it a habit to call Negroes "Blacks."	Hate being called "Leftists."

LEFTISTS...

Phone all-night radio talk shows in order to argue with the Emcee.	Drive VW mini-busses.	Organize amateur film festivals.	Scratch.
Save newspaper articles.	[illegible] thick soups.	Take in stray cats.	Work in second-hand bookshops.
Enjoy Folk Dancing.	[illegible] caps [illegible] mittens.	Rooted for the Mets until they started winning.	Omit zip codes.
Do not eat breakfast.	[illegible] bookshelves out of old bricks.	Sit in cafeterias alone, reading Underground Newspapers.	Distrust Nixon.
Carry their money in snap-clasp pocket purses.	Have missing shirt buttons.	Do not shave their legs.	Hate being called "New Left Extremists."

CONSERVATIVES...

Wet their finger before turning the page of a book.	Sleep in twin beds.	Take pride in their penmanship.	Waltz.
Own Irish setters.	Hire reliable pall-bearers.	Work out at a gym regularly.	Mail in Warrantees.
Are Life Members of the National Geographic Society.	Refer to Mohammed Ali as Cassius Clay.	Drive cars with low license plate numbers.	Over-decorate their homes at Christmas time.
Undertip.	Take pride in their "regularity."	Are on a first-name basis with their bank officer.	Distrust Nixon.
Are disgusted with Jim Bouton.	[redacted] Historical Markers.	Wear vests.	Hate being called "Reactionaries."

REACTIONARIES...

Pay cash.	Are suspicious [redacted] FM radio.	Wear suspenders.	Do not mix flavors in ice cream cones.
Erect high fences around their backyards.	Enjoy Philadelphia.	Never heard of John Lennon.	Own canaries.
Are convinced "Sesame Street" is subversive.	Have middle-aged secretaries.	Hate Astroturf.	Cross picket lines.
Take baths.	Do not sleep past 7:00 A.M.	Are pleased with Mt. Rushmore except for Jefferson.	Distrust Nixon.
Carry their money in snap-clasp pocket purses.	Wear jackets and ties to football games.	Like meat well done.	Hate being [redacted] "Right-Wing Militants."

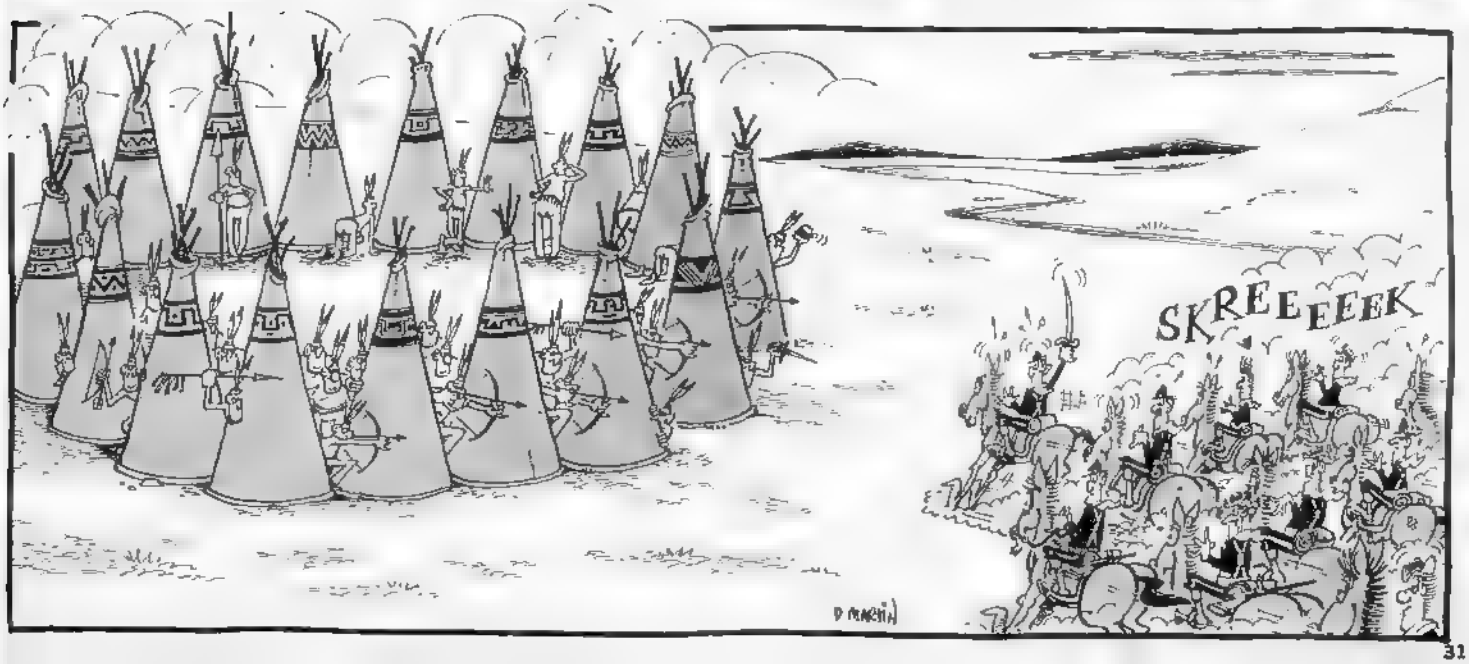
RIGHT-WING MILITANTS...

Wear boxer shorts and sleeveless undershirts.	[redacted] weights.	Hang Insurance Company calendars on their Living Room walls.	Own Dobermans.
Chew [redacted] match sticks.	Buy Spiro Agnew watches for the wrong reasons.	Bowl.	Hang around gas stations.
Send their mothers expensive, flowery, sentimental cards on Mother's Day.	Belong to Gun Clubs.	Frame their Army decorations and Discharge Certificates.	Only drink beer.
Smoke Camels.	Know Roller Derby stars by their first names.	Are tatooed.	Distrust Nixon
Don't understand what William F. Buckley says, but agree with him.	Wear religious medals around their necks.	Love parades.	[redacted] being called "Fascists."

NEW LEFT EXTREMISTS...

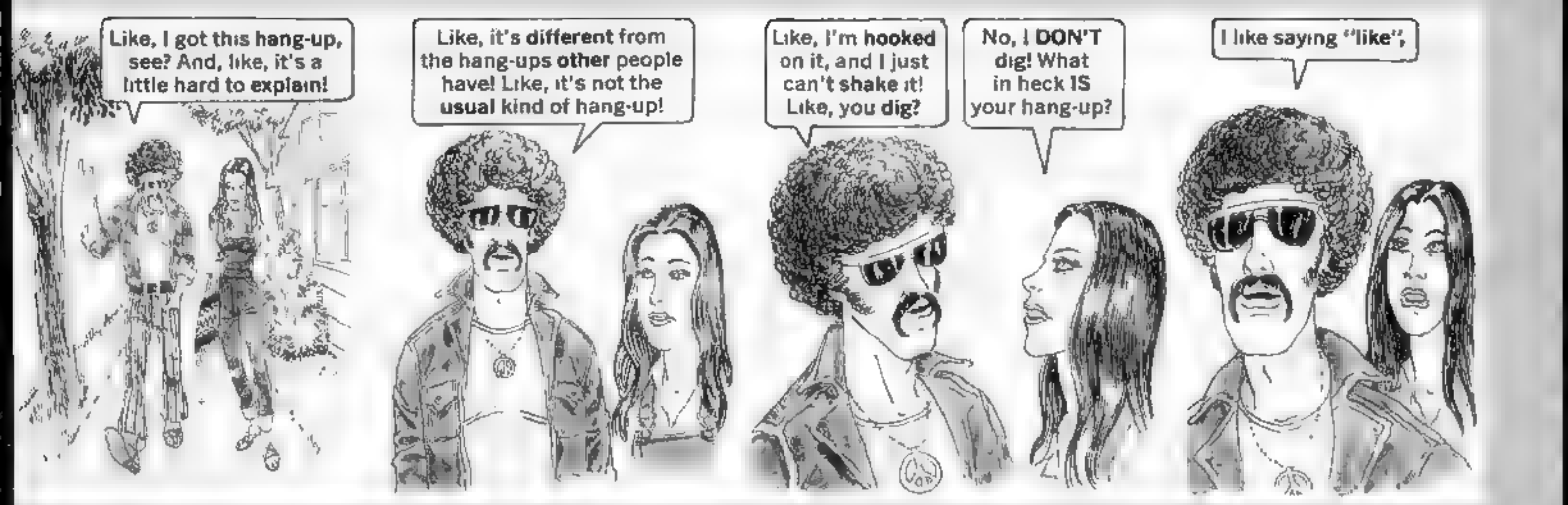
Burn incense.	Name their children after American Indian heroes.	Participate in nude weddings.	Slouch.
Grow their own marijuana.	Shoplift.	Eat chick peas.	Watch the 4:00 A.M. movie on TV, stoned.
Bring jars of peanut butter as house-warming gifts.	Refuse to cooperate with Census Takers.	Tie-die their babies' diapers.	Cast their [redacted] horoscopes.
Ignore New Year's Eve.	Own no chairs.	Mumble four-letter words in their sleep.	Distrust Nixon.
Teach their children Swahili.	Do not wear socks or underwear.	Move their belongings in wheelbarrows.	Hate being called "Anarchists."

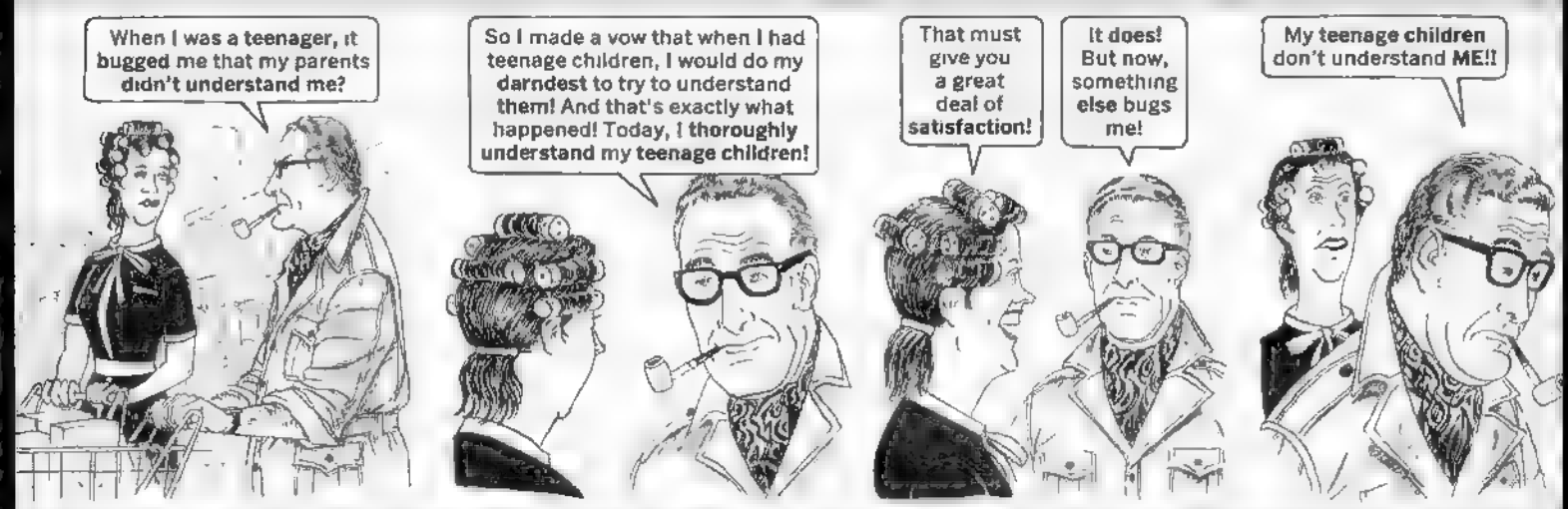
ONE DAY DURING A CAVALRY ATTACK

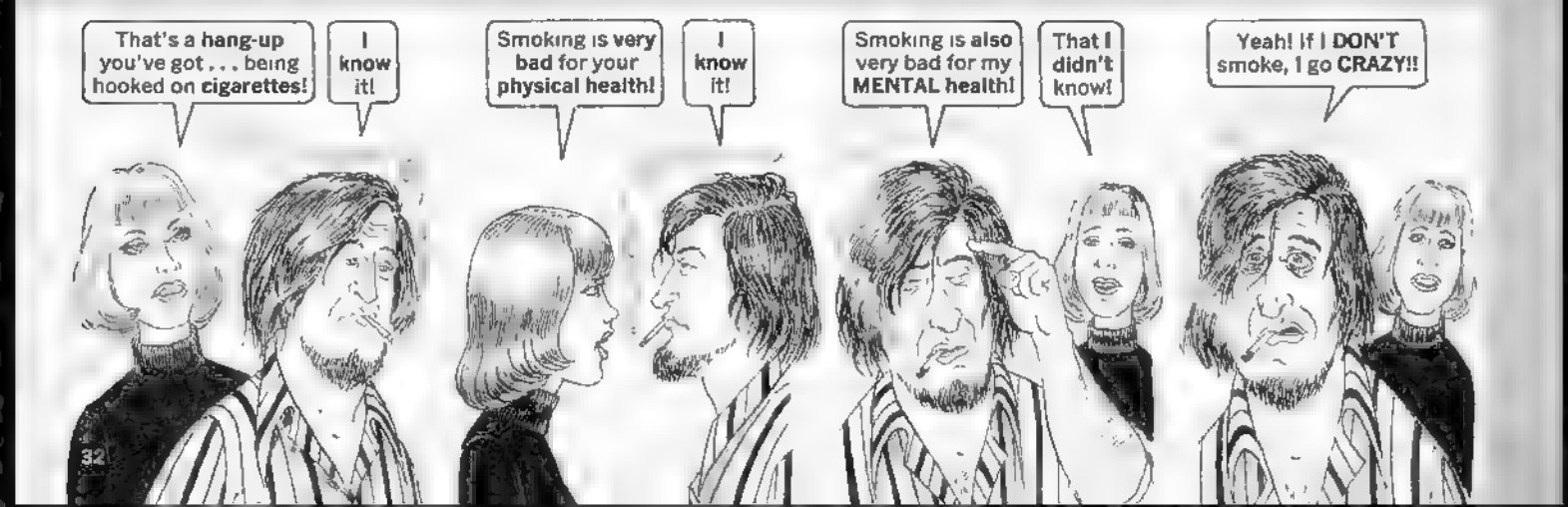


BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... Han

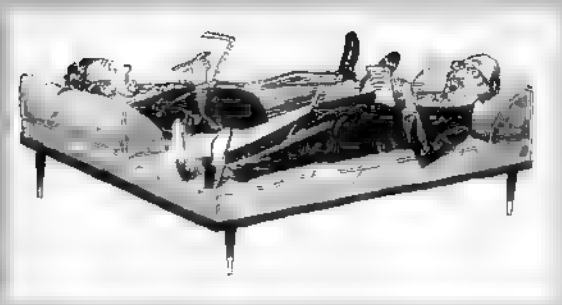


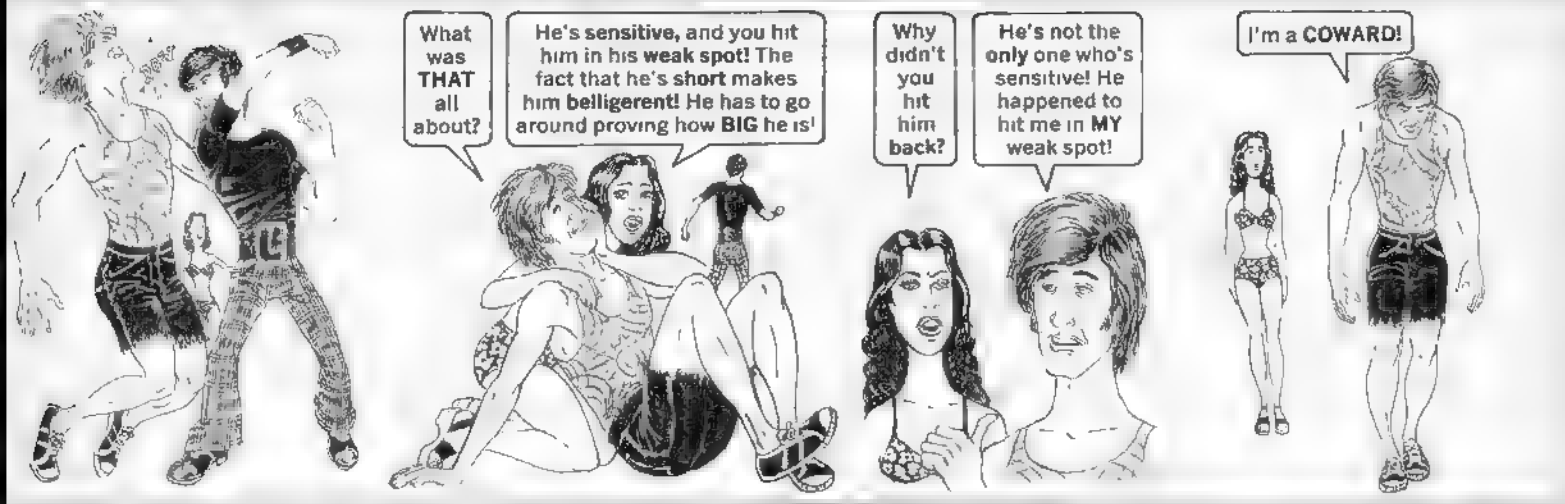


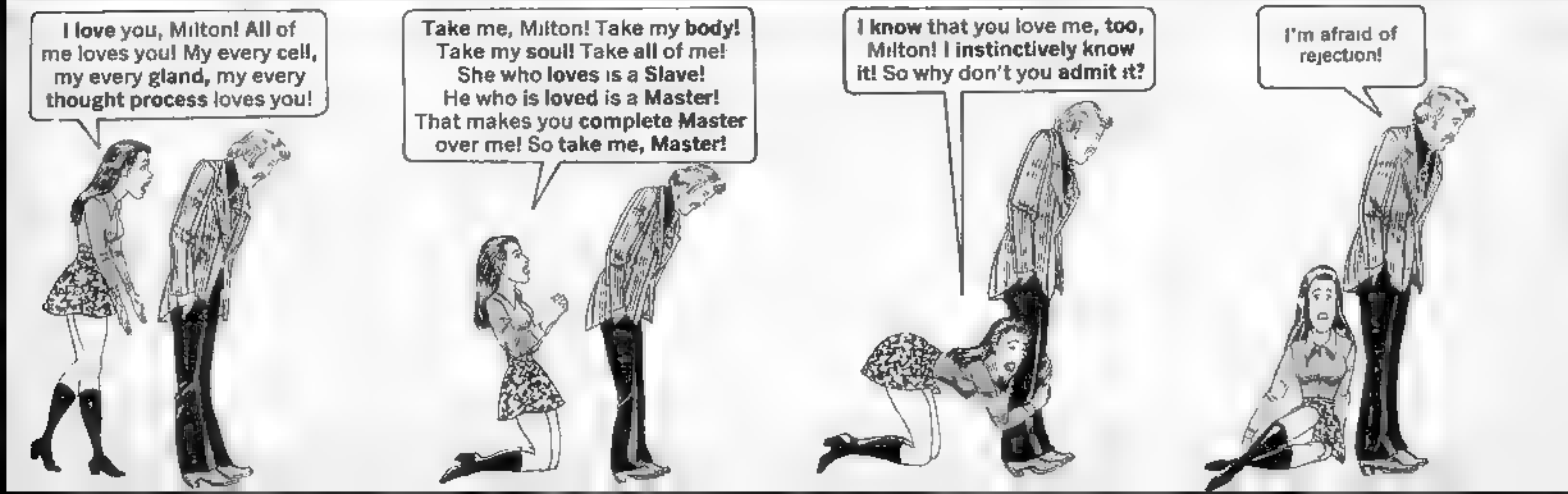


g-Ups

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



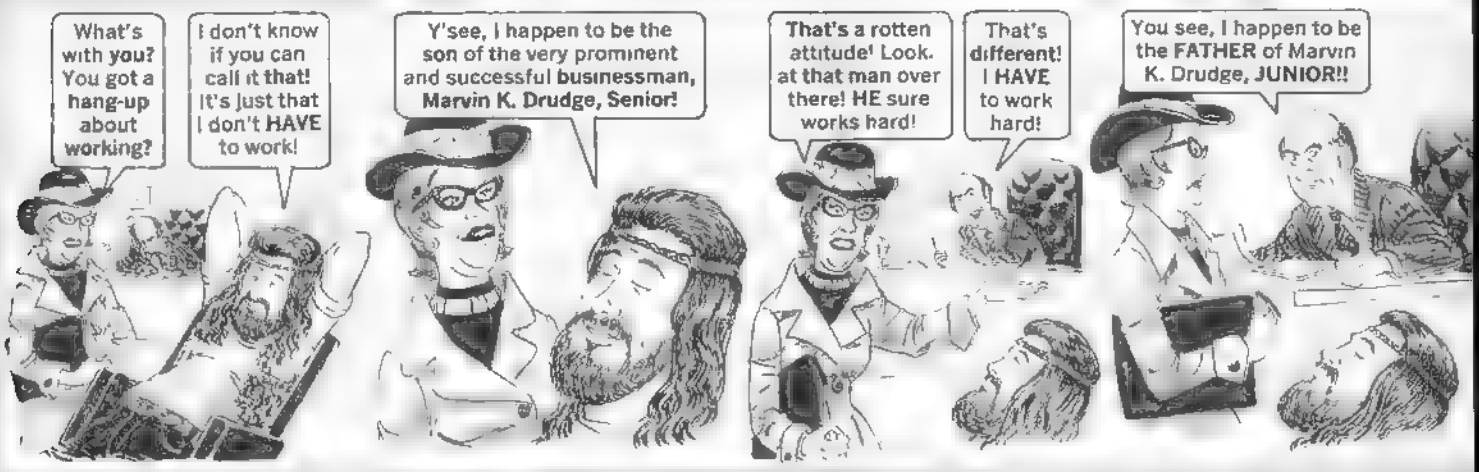




Chuck! You haven't got a drink! Let me get you a Scotch and Soda!
No, thanks! Boy, you're the fifth person to offer me liquor!
C'mon! Just one drink!
Sorry, but I can't take 'just one'! It leads to a second and a third, and then I'm off on another bender! I have a drinking problem and I'm trying to stay on the wagon!
Oh, I didn't realize! Tell you what! I'll give you a plain glass of ginger ale! That way people will stop plying you with drinks!
Thank you! You are very understanding!
Will you look at Chuck . . . guzzling again! I knew he couldn't stay on the wagon!
Hi, Lenny, ol' pal!
Don't touch me! I can't stand being touched! Get your hands off me!
Gee, Lenny, I'm sorry! I was only trying to be friendly! See? My hands aren't touching you!
That's better! Now . . . what do you want?
Well . . . all I wanted was to ask you to lend me ten bucks!
I've already TOLD you!
I can't stand being touched!
They're absolutely right! Women have been sexually exploited since the very beginning of time . . . and it's got to change!!
Harry! From now on, you will no longer regard me as just a SEX OBJECT!!
Boy . . . am I uptight!
So take one of your tranquilizers!
That's what's got me so uptight! I forgot to bring my tranquilizers with me!
You—you may not believe this, but I just had my purse snatched!
No, I DON'T believe it . . . knowing what a hang-up you've had about being mugged, and all the precautions you've taken!
You bet I took precautions! I got the whole shmeer . . . a policeman's whistle, a spray can of mace, a siren, a hat pin . . . the whole works!
So why didn't you use any of that stuff?
I would have!
But they were all in my purse!

Aren't you going to take the elevator?
Are you kidding?!? I've got a hang-up about elevators! They terrify me! They're a favorite hangout for muggers, thieves and perverts!
No, thank you! I'd rather walk the three flights!
THIS IS A STICK-UP!
Oh, no! I climbed the stairs just to avoid meeting someone like you! Why aren't you on the elevator where you BELONG?!?!
Are you kidding?!?! I've got a hang-up about elevators! They terrify me! You could get stuck between floors! O a cable could snap!

I had this—this thing about my domineering Mother! She was a real child-eater! She was making all my decisions! I just wasn't my own person! Finally, I'd HAD it with her!
So I untied her apron strings that were strangling me, moved out of the house, got myself my own apartment in this city a hundred miles from her, and—
Great! You cut the umbilical cord and finally freed yourself from the protection of her womb! You completed your birth! You grew up at last!
Well . . . not exactly!
See, she moved in WITH me!

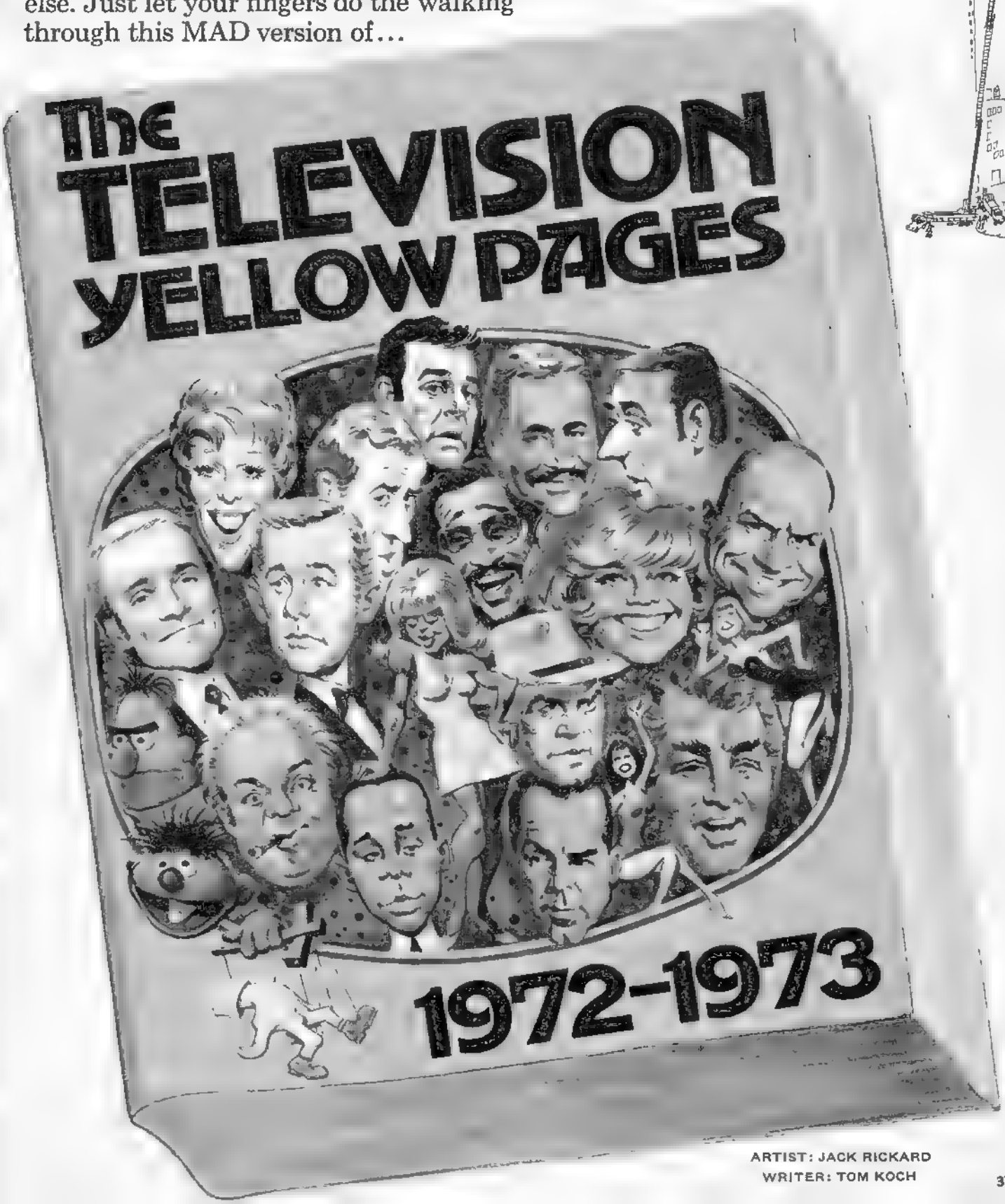

What's with you? You got a hang-up about working?
I don't know if you can call it that! It's just that I don't HAVE to work!
Y'see, I happen to be the son of the very prominent and successful businessman, Marvin K. Drudge, Senior!
That's a rotten attitude! Look at that man over there! HE sure works hard!
That's different! I HAVE to work hard!
You see, I happen to be the FATHER of Marvin K. Drudge, JUNIOR!!

You're kidding?!? You mean you really enjoy serving in a Submarine?!? Don't you get claustrophobia—cooped up in a small space under hundreds of feet of water??
It doesn't bother me at all!
The whole idea of it makes me so—so nervous!
Don't let a little phobia get the best of you! Be a MAN!!
I can't help it! The very thought of it makes me want to hit the flight deck, get into my Navy jet, and take off for the wild blue yonder where I can clear my mind of these claustrophobic feelings!
P-please! Don't talk about jets, and flying! It makes me so nervous!
Don't let a little phobia get the best of you! Be a MAN!!

Excuse me, Sir, but I'd like to talk to you about drugs . . .
Sorry! Not interested! Drugs aren't my thing!
BAM!
You . . . you beat me up because drugs aren't my thing?!?
No, I beat you up because drugs ARE MY thing!
I need the money in your wallet for a fix!!
When I was a kid, my folks were so poor they couldn't afford to buy me a bike, so I never learned to ride one! It became a real obsession!
Now that I'm grown up, and I'm making a buck, and I can afford it, I bought me this ten-speed, dural aluminum frame, imported beauty! Paid three bills for it!
That's great! So now that you're grown up, you are fulfilled! You don't have your hang-up any more!
Well . . . not exactly!
Now that I'm grown up, it seems I'm too old to learn how to ride the damn thing!
Everybody's here except Milton! I hope he isn't late!
Don't worry! He WILL be! He always IS!
It's a compulsion with him! He's probably rebelling against an authoritarian Mother who demanded punctuality! So he shows up late deliberately!
You and your crackpot amateur psychology! Well, you're wrong! Here he is now!
I can't believe it! You're on time for once!
I AM?!? Darn it! This watch my Mom gave me is running fast!!
You know what your hang-up is, Roland? You're SQUARE!
Why don't you hate your parents?! Why don't you hate your country?! Why don't you hate all forms of authority?! Why don't you play acid rock, and look down on achievement?!
Why don't you grow your hair long . . . dress like a working man, but not work . . . drop out . . . tune in . . . turn on . . . and blow your mind on drugs . . .
. . . like any NORMAL PERSON?!
David Berg

SHOW BIZ-ZY SIGNALS DEPT.

Critics are forever blasting Television for its "unrealistic" portrayal of characters and events. However, assuming that it's true that one can learn a lot about a community just by browsing through the local telephone book, MAD can demonstrate that TV-Land is as typically American as any place else. Just let your fingers do the walking through this MAD version of...



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD
WRITER: TOM KOCH

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See "Law Enforcement Agents"

►Dirty Old Men

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►Fuzz

See "Law Enforcement Agents"

►Hunters, Big Game

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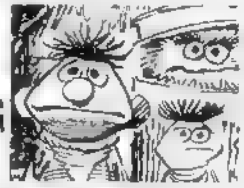

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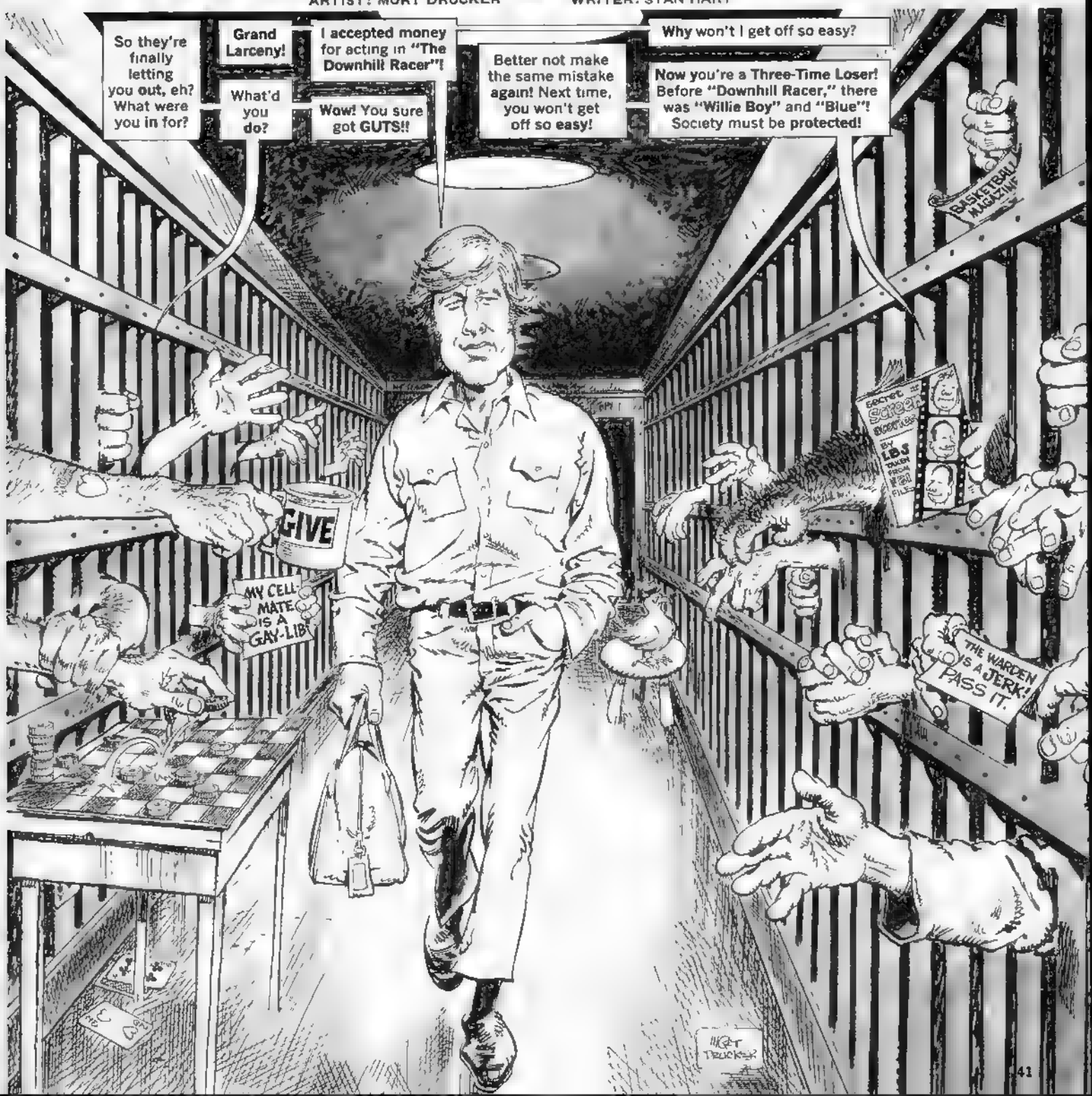
Once upon a time, not too many years ago, all movie criminals were considered to be the "bad guys"! Oh, we know it's hard to believe, but take our word for it! That's the way things were! Now, of course, movie criminals are all lovable and dopey and they never get caught and crime is fun! Like f'rinstance in this latest caper movie . . .

The Cute Rook

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART



Oh-oh! There's a guy in a flashy car . . . following me! That could mean only one thing! Feet . . . do your duty! Man . . . why can't they leave me alone?!?
STATE PRISON
Hey, it's me! Your Brother-In-Law, Klepto!
Thank God! I . . . I thought you were a Movie Producer with a part for me!
I may be dopey, but I'm not suicidal!
I got a job lined up! We're going to steal the famous Fuhkarwi Diamond!
But isn't stealing a diamond a CRIME?
Not if you act dopey, and you bungle the job! Everybody loves stupid crooks!
What makes you think I can do it?
Because I've seen you work under pressure! You don't show any sign of emotion! Come to think of it, you don't show any sign of emotion when you're NOT under pressure!
I have nerves of steel . . . and facial muscles to match!
NO PARKING MUSEUM DRIVEWAY
Try not to be conspicuous while we case the joint!
Trust me!
Zelda, don't you think this is a very lifelike statue?
No . . . not particularly!
Who's that sitting over there?
He's our contact, Ambassador Amuzing! He doesn't want any leaks! He doesn't even want to risk being seen with us!
That strikes me funny!
Then why aren't you smiling?
Gee! I thought I WAS!!

This is a very delicate operation! No one must ever find out about us!
Count on us!
Who will know?
I must have your word! Do you swear to keep this a secret?!?

We swear!
We swear!
Cross our hearts!
Hope to die!
Boil in oil and stew in lye!

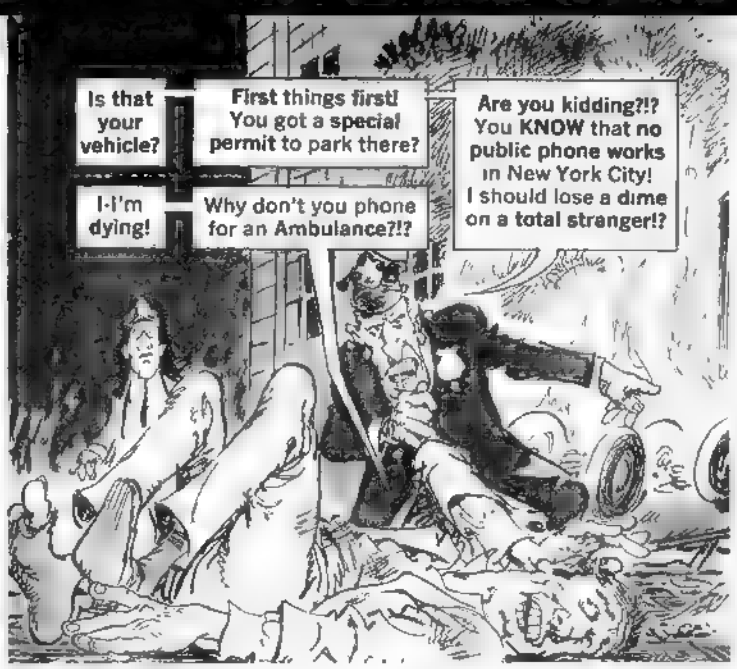
Stanley, what do you want to be when you grow up?
Older!
Oh, you're so cute! In fact, you're much too cute to do honest work! Why don't you become a CROOK?
You really think I'm ready for it, Mommy?
Of course you are, Dear! All you need is a little more work on your toothy smile and your silly vacant stare!

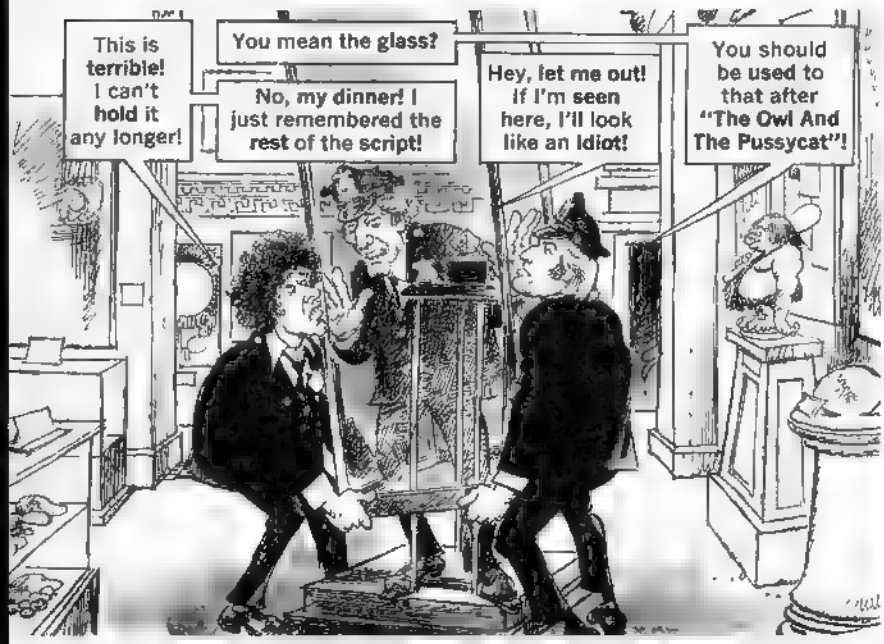
Hey, Mommy! Listen to my new record— "Sounds of Sunday on America's Highways"!
HONK! HONK!
Drop Dead!
We haven't moved in over one God damned hour!
Daddy . . . I—I think I'm gonna frow up!
Oh, no! WHY??
Because Mitchel just frew up on ME!
Go to Hell, all of you!!

. . . and that's the plan! I'm just wondering if you're capable of carrying it out! Let's have a dry run! One . . . two . . . three . . . ACT CUTE!!
What's that?
They're great! There's only one thing that could go wrong!
Your whole plan might not work!

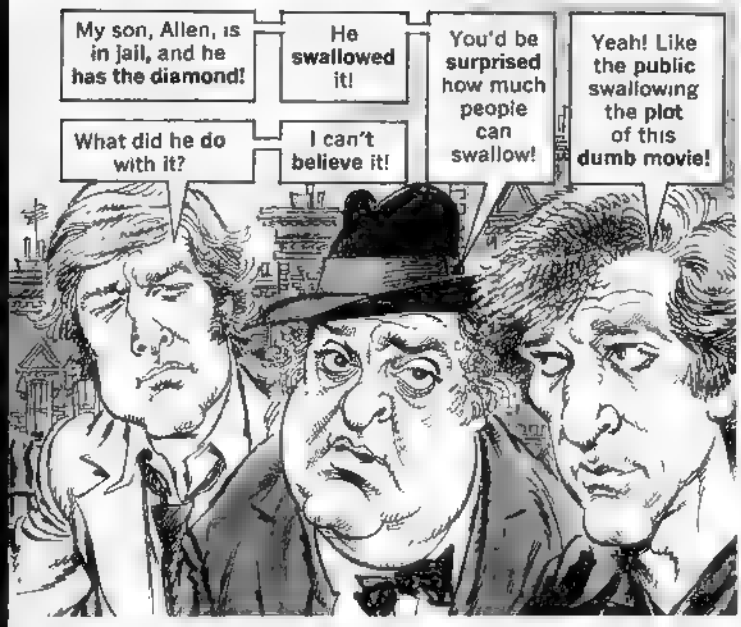
As soon as we're inside, Stanley will create a diversion!
It might be the only diversion in this whole dull movie!
How do we get past the cops?
Just do as I say!

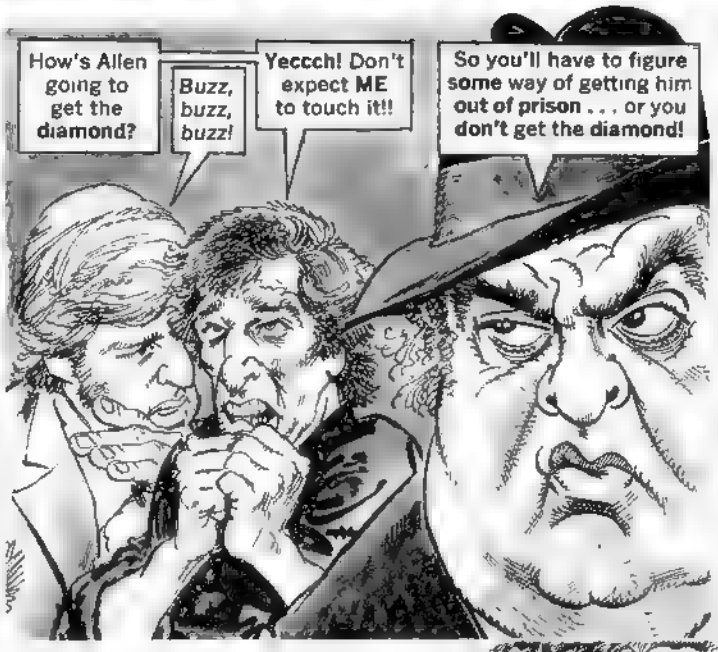
Help! Police! This mugger is trying to kill me!
What should we do?
Remember! You're a New York City cop! Don't get involved!
Sorry! I forgot!
Rookie!


Is that your vehicle?
First things first! You got a special permit to park there?
Are you kidding?!? You KNOW that no public phone works in New York City! I should lose a dime on a total stranger!?
I-I'm dying!
Why don't you phone for an Ambulance?!?


This is terrible! I can't hold it any longer!
You mean the glass?
No, my dinner! I just remembered the rest of the script!
Hey, let me out! If I'm seen here, I'll look like an idiot!
You should be used to that after "The Owl And The Pussycat"!

The other three got away, but we caught this one!
How come? Wasn't he fast enough?
No, he wasn't CUTE enough!


My son, Allen, is in jail, and he has the diamond!
He swallowed it!
You'd be surprised how much people can swallow!
Yeah! Like the public swallowing the plot of this dumb movie!
What did he do with it?
I can't believe it!


How's Allen going to get the diamond?
Buzz, buzz, buzz!
Yeccch! Don't expect ME to touch it!!
So you'll have to figure some way of getting him out of prison . . . or you don't get the diamond!

I don't understand something! If we can break into a museum, steal a priceless diamond and escape with all those cops around, how come we can't do a simple thing like smuggling a diamond out of a prison?
Because we're not doing this for the diamond!
Then what are we breaking into this prison FOR?
For dramatic irony! To show, in symbolic terms, just how upside down this crazy world really is . . . where bad guys are good guys, and wrong is—
Pretend I didn't ask!
No one could possibly escape from this maximum security prison . . unless he crouched!
PRISONERS MUST SHOW PASS AND BE BLUE
You WHAT?!? You hid the diamond in the Police Station?
You mean . . . we'll have to break into THERE now?!
Yeah! See, it's dramatic irony to show in symbolic terms how upside—
It doesn't sound any better when you say it!
Ambassador Amuzing is pretty good! He managed to get us this chopper!
It's really amazing! This Ambassador Amuzing is so smart! He gets us cars, trucks, helicopters . . .
So . . . what's so amazing?..
That he'd hire four dummies like US to do his job!
Okay! I'll jam their radio, and then I'll cut their telephone wires!
But supposing there's an emergency . . like someone getting shot, or a robbery, or a woman having a baby! They won't be able to call the police!
Well, they'll just have to understand that it's all in good fun!
Supposing they don't?
Are you going to worry about poor sports?
Holy Cow! We're under attack!
Is it The Jewish Defense League?
or The Black Panthers?
Neither! It's just a gang of cute crooks!
Oh! Well, that's okay, then!
BLAM

I—I don't understand! The diamond wasn't there!

Who knew you put it there?

Nobody—except my Father!

Oh—ho!!

I—I've been double-crossed by my own flesh and blood! Boy, next Father's Day, he gets a pop-up card . . . and that's all! I'll show him!

I said, "Stick 'em up!"

What did you do with the diamond?

I see why Topol got the part in the movie!

That's as high as they go!

You can't hurt me! ♪ "If I were a rich man—dugga, dugga, dugga, dydle, dydle, dydle, dydle, dee!" ♪

Now THAT hurt!

SLAP

Daddy! If you don't tell them, they'll throw me down the elevator shaft!

I must speak! He's my only son!

S-s-say something, Daddy . . .

I will, my boy!

Happy landing, son!!

AAAYYEE

Here's the key to my Safety Deposit Box! The diamond is there!

Why didn't you give it to us BEFORE we threw your son down the elevator shaft?

I'm a good Father—but I'm a better businessman! Who wants to split the take FIVE WAYS?!?

I didn't die, Pop! It was all a trick!

Rotten kid! What's this world coming to when a Father can't trust his only son?!

We can't get at the Safety Deposit Box! They check signatures!

Hey! Aren't you the guys who stole a million dollar diamond, then led a prison break, and later shot up a Police Station?

Yes, indeedy-doody! That is we!

Well, I'll let you go this time, but don't ever do it again!

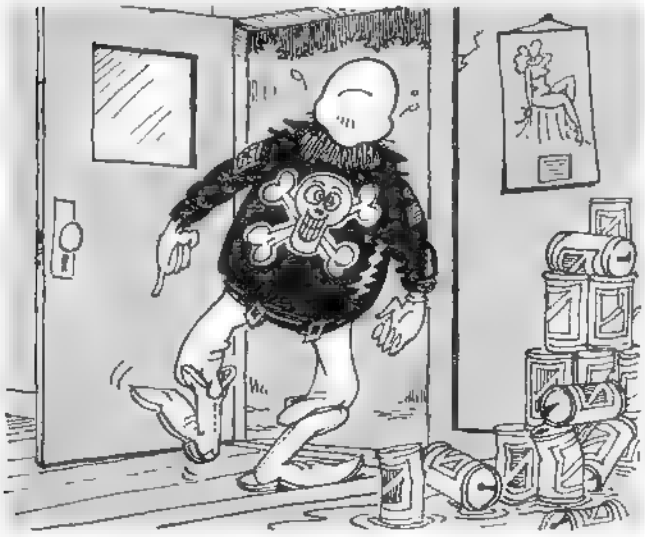
I gotta hand it to you! You never lose your cute—even under pressure!

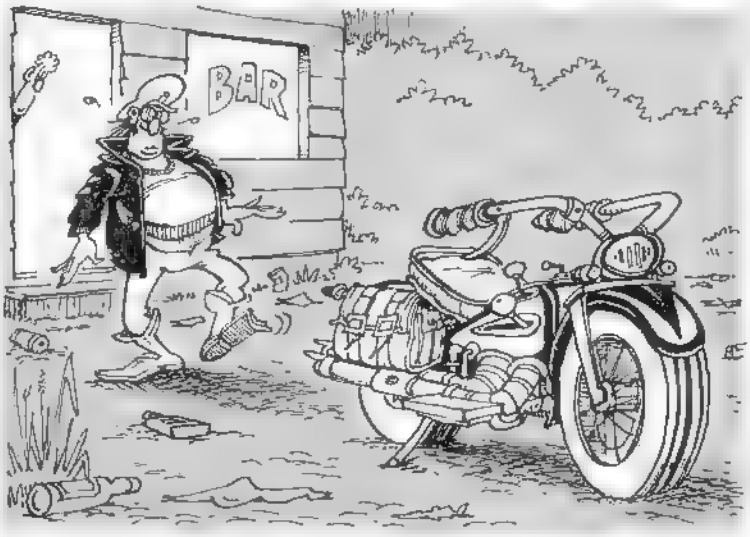
LOANS FOR OFF-TRACK BETTING

Ambassador Amuzing has made a deal with Allen's father! They're cutting us out! It looks like we're stuck without an ending!
Well, there's only one thing to do in a case like that!
What's that?
What else? Cop out!!
Hi, there! You're the Guard in the Safety Deposit Box Department at the bank, aren't you?
That's right! What do you want?
Look up there and you will get drowsy!
What is it?
"In-Flight Movies" for very tall buildings!
BANK GUARD
You are getting drowsy! Very, very drowsy!
You're right! Show me another movie!
You will go to the bank as usual! Soon, a young man will approach you and say the magic words! You will do exactly as he says, understand?
I understand, Master...
HOT ROCK
Ah-hah! Like I always say, "Crime Does SO Pay... Providing You're Cute And Dopey!"
How'd you get the diamond?
I just said the magic words, and the Guard fell into a deep sleep!
WHAT magic words...?
"Robert Redford"! Works every time!
You're telling me! Look...
ZZZZZZZ

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

ONE NIGHT IN A BAR ALONG THE HIGHWAY





Nothing to see here!

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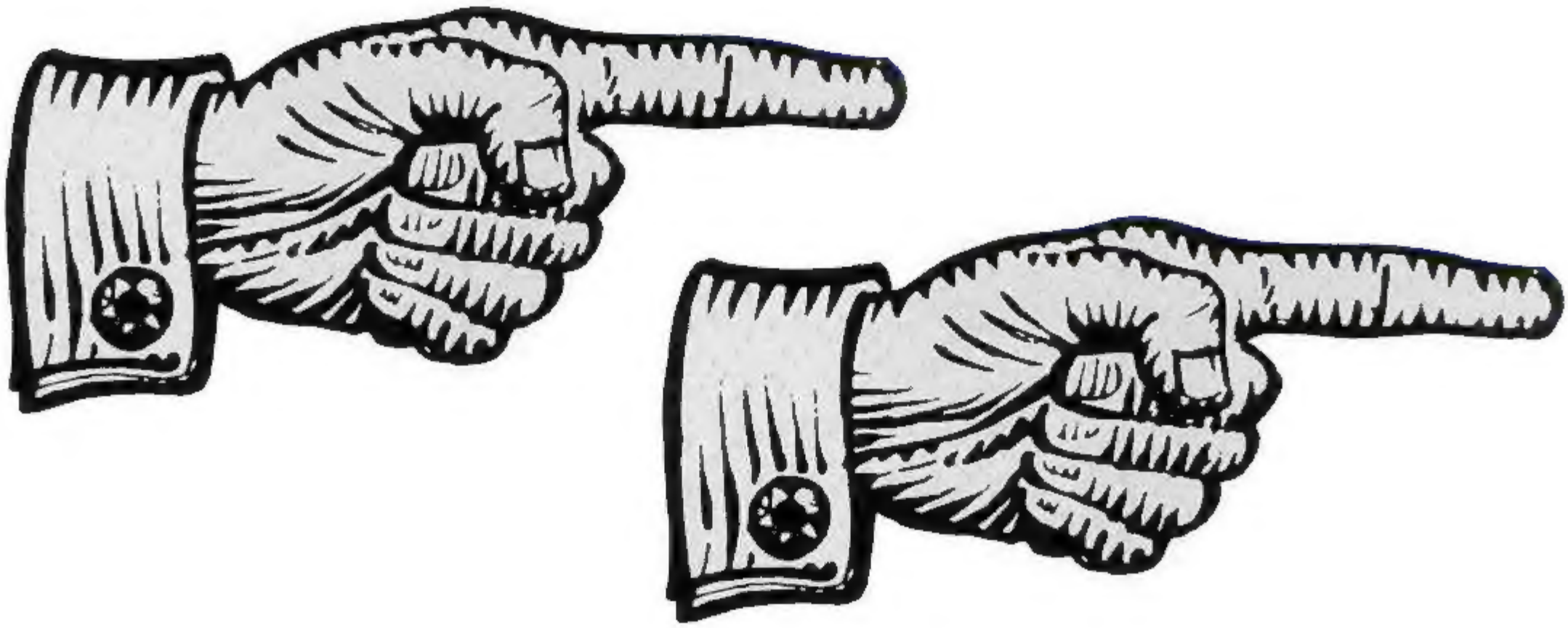

WHAT CAN WE EXPECT FROM ALL OF THE CANDIDATES IN THE 1972 POLITICAL SWIM?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

With the conventions over, we can now look forward to being thoroughly confused by all the claims, counter-claims, accusations and denials of our usually uplifting and inspiring election campaigns. And so, to sort out the whole thing in advance, we fed some facts into MAD's Fold-In Computer, and it came up with a simple interpretation of what we can expect from all the '72 candidates. To find out what that is, fold in the page.

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A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

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A▸ ◂B

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THE SAME OLD STUFF

A▸◂B

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